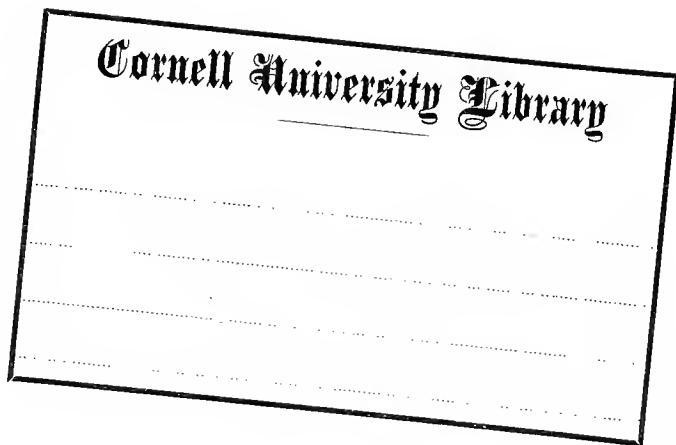


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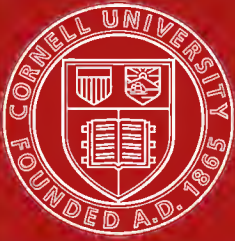
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[Shakespeare—quarto facsimiles]



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# KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

*[Fourth]*  
THE *THIRD* QUARTO,

1608,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS,

FROM THE COPY IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, C. 34. k. 43.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTICE BY

THE REV. W. A. HARRISON.



LONDON :

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HEREFORD SQUARE, S.W.

1888.

(A)

(1)

# 43 SHAKSPEARE QUARTO FACSIMILES,

WITH INTRODUCTIONS, LINE-NUMBERS, &C., BY SHAKSPEARE SCHOLARS.

ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR. F. J. FURIVALL.

A 26728

## 1. Those by W. Griggs.

No.

1. Hamlet. 1603. Q1.
2. Hamlet. 1604. Q2.
3. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Fisher.)
4. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Roberts.)
5. Loves Labor's Lost. 1598. Q1.
6. Merry Wives. 1602. Q1.
7. Merchant of Venice. 1600. Q1. (Roberts.)

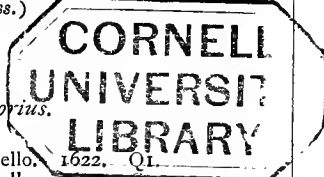
No.

8. Henry IV. 1st Part. 1598. Q1.
9. Henry IV. 2nd Part. 1600. Q1.
10. Passionate Pilgrim. 1599. Q1.
11. Richard III. 1597. Q1.
12. Venus and Adonis. 1593. Q1.
13. Troilus and Cressida. 1609. Q1.
17. Richard II. 1597. Q1. Duke of Devonshire's copy. (*in progress.*)

## 2. Those by C. Practorius.

14. Much Ado About Nothing. 1600. Q1.
15. Taming of a Shrew. 1594. Q1.
16. Merchant of Venice. 1600. Q2. (Heyes.)
18. Richard II. 1597. Q1. Mr. Huth's copy.
19. Richard II. 1608. Q3.
20. Richard II. 1634. Q5.
21. Pericles. 1609. Q1.
22. Pericles. 1609. Q2.
23. The Whole Contention. 1619. Q3. Part I. (for 2 Henry VI.).
24. The Whole Contention. 1619. Q3. Part II. (for 3 Henry VI.).
25. Romeo and Juliet. 1597. Q1.
26. Romeo and Juliet. 1599. Q2.
27. Henry V. 1600. Q1.
28. Henry V. 1608. Q2.
29. Titus Andronicus. 1600. Q1.
30. Sonnets and Lover's Complaint. 1609. Q1.

31. Othello. 1622. Q1.
32. Othello. 1630. Q2.
33. King Lear. 1608. Q1. (N. Butter, *Pide Bull.*)
34. King Lear. 1608. Q2. (N. Butter.)
35. Rape of Lucrece. 1594. Q1.
36. Romeo and Juliet. Undated. Q4.
37. Contention. (For 2 Henry VI.) 1594. Q1. (*in progress.*)
38. True Tragedy. (For 3 Henry VI.) 1595. Q1. (*in progress.*)
39. The Famous Victories of Henry V. 1598. Q1.
40. The Troublesome Raigne of King John. Part I. 1591. Q1. (*in progress.*)
41. The Troublesome Raigne of King John. Part II. 1591. Q1. (*in progress.*)
42. Richard III. 1602. Q3.
43. Richard III. 1622. Q6. (*in progress.*)



# RICHARD II.

Q3. 1608.

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The great importance of Q3 of this Play, the Facsimile of which, from the copy in the British Museum (C. 34. k. 43.), is here given, is that in it we find for the first time, in the Parliament Scene, Act IV. Scene i., the passage (ll. 154-318) in which Richard is made to resign the crown. There is no mention of this addition to the text on the Title-page of the copy of the Q<sup>o</sup> from which our Facsimile is made ; but other copies of the same edition are found with the following and evidently later Title :—

The | Tragedie of King | Richard the Second : | With new  
additions of the Parlia- | ment Sceane, and the deposing | of  
King Richard, | As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges |  
Maiesties seruantes, at the Globe. | By *William Shake-speare*. | At  
London, | Printed by W. W. for *Matthew Law*, and are to | be  
sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, | at the signe of the Foxe.  
1608. |

It seems certain from the context that this passage, amounting to 165 lines, was not an *addition* to the play ; but for some reason had been omitted from the two first Quartos published during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This matter however will be discussed in the General Introduction to the Play which will be given with the Facsimile of the Duke of Devonshire's copy of Q1 ; here it

iv.

will suffice to note that these additional lines, which are also given in the first F<sup>o</sup>, are there found in greater perfection than in this Q<sup>o</sup> in which they were first printed.

On the Inner margins of this Facsimile are marked, as in Q<sub>1</sub>, the Scenes and lines of the Q<sup>o</sup>

On the Outer margins the Acts, Scenes and lines are numbered as in the Globe edition.

Only one mark [†] is used, and this to denote variation from the corresponding line of Q<sub>1</sub>; the variations of this text from the F version are not marked, except as regards the added passage in the Parliament scene, Act IV., Sc. i., ll. 154-318: there a dagger [†] denotes variation from F<sub>1</sub>, and a caret [<] that something is omitted in this Quarto which is found in F<sub>1</sub>.

W. A. HARRISON.

7 June, 1888.



# THE Tragedie of King Richard the second.

As it hath been publikely acted by the Right  
Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine  
his seruantes.

*By William Shake-speare.*



LONDON,  
Printed by W.W. for *Mathew Low*, and are to be  
sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at  
the signe of the Foxe.  
1 6 0 8.





# Enter King Richard, Iohn

of Gaunt, with other Nobles  
and Attendants.

*King Richard.*

**I** Lde Iohn of Gaunt, time honoured Lancaster,  
Hast thou according to thy oth and band,  
Brought hither *Henrie Herford* thy bold sonne,  
Here to make good the boystrous late appeale  
Which then our leifure would not let vs heare  
Against the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*?

*Gaunt.* I haue my Leige.

*King.* Tell me moreouer; hast thou sounded him  
If he appeale the Duke on auncient malice,  
Or worthily, as a good subiect should,  
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him?

*Gaunt.* As neare as I could sift him on that argument,  
On some apparant danger scene in him,  
Aunde at your Highnesse; no inueterate malice.

*King.* Then call them to our presence face to face,  
And frowning brow to brow our selues will heare  
The accuser, and the accused, freely speake:  
Hie stomackt are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage, deafe as the sea, hastie as fire.

*Enter Bulingbrooke, and Mowbray.*

*Buling.* Many yeares of happy dayes befall  
My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege.

*Mow.*

Cambridge  
and  
Globe  
li.

*The Tragedie of*

*Mowb.* Each day still better others happinesse,  
Vntill the Heauens enuying Earths good happe,  
Addē in immortall title to your Crowne.

*King.* Wee thanke you both: yet one but flatters vs,  
As well appeareth by the cause you come;  
Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.  
Coosin of Hereford, what dost thou obiekt  
Against the Duke of Norfolk Thomas Mowbray?

*Bol.* First (heauen be the record to my speech)  
In the deuotion of a subiectes loue,  
Tendring the precious safetie of my Prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appeallant to this princely presence.  
Now Thomas Mowbray, do I turne to thee;  
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,  
My body shall make good vpon this earth,  
Or my diuine soule answere it in heauen.  
Thou art a Traytor, and a miscreant;  
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue:  
Since the more faire and cristall is the skie,  
The vglie seeme the cloudes that in it flie.  
Once more, the more to agrauate the note,  
With a foule traytors name stufte I thy throate,  
And with (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,  
What my tong speaks, my right drawne sword may proue.

*Mowb.* Let not my cold wordes here accuse my zeale  
Tis not the tryall of a Womans warre,  
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,  
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine:  
The blood is hotte that must be coold for this,  
Yet can I not off such tame patience boast,  
As to be husht and naught at all to say.  
First the faire reuerence of your highnesse curbes me,  
From giuing reynes and spurres to my free speech,  
Which else would post vntill it had returned  
These tearmes of treason doubled downe his throat;  
Setting aside his high bloods royaltie:  
And let him be no kinsman to my Leige,

*King Richard the Second,*

60

I doe defie him, and spit at him;  
 Call him a flaunderous Coward and a Villaine :  
 Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods,  
 And meeete him, were I tide to runne a foote,  
 Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,  
 Or any other ground inhabitable,  
 Where euer English man durst set his foote.  
 Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,  
 By all my hopes, most falsly doth he lie.

61

68

72

76

*But.* Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,  
 Disclayming here the kinred of a King,  
 And lay aside my high bloods royalty;  
 Which feare, uot reuerence makes thee to except.  
 If guiltie dread haue left thee so much strength,  
 As to take vp mine honours pawne, then stoope :  
 By that, and all the rites of Knighthood else,  
 Will I make good against thee arme to arme,  
 What I haue spoke, or what thou canst deuise.

80

*Mow.* I take it vp, and by that Sword I swear,  
 Which gently layde my Knighthood on my shoulder,  
 Ile answer thee in any faire degree:  
 Or chiuairous designe of Knighthly tryall.  
 And when I mount aliue, aliue may I not light,  
 If I be Traitor, or vniustly fight.

84

*King.* What doth our Coosin lay to Mowbraies charge?  
 It must be great that can inherite vs,  
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

88

*But.* Looke what I sayd, my life shall prooue it true,  
 That Mowbray hath receiue eight thousand Nobles,  
 In name of lendings, for your Highnesse Souldiours:  
 The which he hath detainde for leawd employments,  
 Like a false Traytour, and iniurious Villaine.  
 Besides I say, and will in battaile prooue,  
 Or here, or else where, to the furthest Verge  
 That euer was surueyed by English eye,  
 That all the treasons for these eightene yeares,  
 Complotted and contriued in this Land,  
 Fetcht from false Mowbray, their first head and springe:

96

60+

# 64

# 68

# 72

# 76

80

# 84

# 88

92

# 96

*The Tragedie of*

Further I say, and further will maintaine  
 Vpon his bad life to make all this good,  
 That he did plotte the Duke of Glosters death,  
 Suggest his soone beleeuing aduerfaries,  
 And consequently like a Traitour Coward,  
 Slue te ont his innocent soule through streames of blood:  
 Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels*, cryes,  
 Euen from the tonguelesse Cauerns of the earth,  
 To me for iustice, and rough chastisement:  
 And by the glorious worth of my discent,  
 This Arme shall do it, or this Life be spent.

*King.* How high a pitch his resolution soares;  
 Thomas of Norfolke, what sayst thou to this?

*Mowb.* Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,  
 And bid his eares a little while be deafe,  
 Till I haue told this slaunder of his blood,  
 How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyer.

*King.* Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares;  
 Were he my Brother; nay, my kingdomes Heire,  
 As he is but my fathers brothers Sonne,  
 Now by Scepters awe I make a vow,  
 Such neighbour neernes to our sacred blood,  
 Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize  
 The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpriht soule:  
 He is our subiect Mowbray, so art thou,  
 Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allow.

*Mowb.* Then Bullingbrooke, as low as to thy heart,  
 Through the false passage of thy throat thou lyest:  
 Three partes of that receipt I had for Callice,  
 Disburst I to his highnesse Souldiours;  
 The other part rescru'de I, by consent,  
 For that my Soueraigne liege was in my debt,  
 Vpon remainder of a deare account,  
 Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:  
 Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death:  
 I slew him not, but to mine owne disgrace  
 Neglected my sworne duetie in that case:  
 For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,

The

Sc.i

*Richard the Second.*

136

The honourable Father to my foe,  
Once did I lay an ambush for your life ;  
A trespasse that doth vexe my greued soule :

140

Ah, but ere I last receiu'de the Sacrament,  
I did confesse it, and exactly begd  
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.

144

This is my fault ; as for the rest appeald,  
It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,  
A recreant, and most degenerate Traitour ;  
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,  
And enterchangeably hurle downe the gage,

148

Tpon this ouerweening traitours foote,  
To prooue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,  
Euen in the best blood chamberd in his bosome :  
In haste whereof, most hartly I pray  
Your highnesse to assigne our triall day.

152

*King.* Wrath kindled Gentleman, be ruled by me,  
Lets purge this choler without letting blood,  
This we preferibe, though no Phisition :  
Deepe Malice makes too deepe incision :  
Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed,  
Our Doctors say, this is no month to bleed :  
Good Vnckle, let this end, where it begunne,  
Weele calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your sonne.

160

*Gauwt.* To be a make-peace, shall become my age :  
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

164

*King.* And Norfolke, throw downe his.  
*Gauwt.* When Harrie, when obedience bids,  
Obedience bids I should not bid againe.

168

*King.* Norfolke, throw downe we bid, there is no boote.  
*Mowb.* My selfe I throw (dread foueraigne) at thy foote,  
My life thou shalt commaund, but not my shame :

172

The one my duetie owes ; but my faire name,  
Despight of Death that liues vpon my Graue,  
To darke Dishonours vse, thou shalt not haue :  
I am disgraste, impeacht, and baffuld heere ;  
Pierst to the soule with Slaunders venomd speare,  
The which no Balme can cure, but his heart blood

Which

136

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Li

*The Tragedie of*

Sci.

Which breathide this poyson.

*King.* Rage must be withstood :

Giue me his gage ; Lions make Leopards tame.

*Mowb.* Yea, but not change his spots; take but my shame,

And I resigne my gage, my deare deare Lord.

The purest treasure in mortall times affoord,

Is spotlesse reputation, that away ;

Men are but gilded Loame, or painted Clay :

A Iewell in a tennet times bard vp Chest,

Is a bold Spirit in a loyall Breast.

Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one ;

Take Honour from me, and my life is done.

Then (deare my Leige) mine Honour let me try,

In that I liue, and for that will I die.

*King.* Coofin, throw vp your gage ; do you begin.

*Bul.* O God defend my soule from such deepe sinne,

Shall I seeme Crest-fallen in my fathers fight?

Or with pale begger-face impeach my hight,

Before this out-darde dastard? Ere my tongue

Shall wound my Honour with such feeble vvrong,

Or sound so base a parlee, my teeth shall teare

The slavish motiue of recanting feare,

And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,

Where shame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face.

*King.* We were not borne to sue, but to commaund;

Which since we can not do, to make you friendes,

Be ready (as your life shall answere it)

At Comenitie vpon Saint Lambards day :

There shall your Swords and Launces arbitrate

The swelling difference of your setled hate :

Since we cannot atone you, you shall see

Iustice designe the Victors chiuallrie.

Lord Marshall, commaund our Officers at Armes,

Be readie to direct these home allarmes.

*Exit.*

*Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Dutcheffe of Gloucester.*

*Gaunt.* Alas, the part I had in Woodstocks blood,  
Doth more sollicit me, then your exclames,

To

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Lii

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206

Sci.ii.



To stirre against the butchers of his life.  
 But since correction lyeth in those handes,  
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
 Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen;  
 Who when they see the hower's ripe on earth,  
 Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heades.

*Duchesse.* Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurte!

Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?

*Edwards* seauen sonnes, whereof thy selfe art one,  
 Were seauen Viols of his sacred blood,  
 Or seauen faire Branches springing from one roote;

Some of those seauen are dried by Natures course;  
 Some of those Branches by the Destinies cut:

But *Thomas* my deare Lord, my life, my *Glocester*,  
 One Violl full of *Edwards* sacred blood,

One flourishing Branch of his most royall roote  
 Is crackt, and all the precious liquor spilt,

Is hackt downe, and his summer leaues all faded  
 By Enuies hand, and Murders bloodie axe.

Ah *Gaunt*, his blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,

That mettall, that selfe mould, that fashioned thee,  
 Made him a man: and though thou liuest and breathest,

Yet art thou slaine in him; thou dost consent

In some large measure to thy fathers death,

In that thou seest thy wretched Brother die,

Who was the modell of thy fathers life:

Call it not Patience, *Gaunt*, it is Dispaire,

In suffering thus thy Brother to be slaughtred;

Thou shewest the naked pathway to thy life,

Teaching sterne Murder how to butcher thee:

That which in meane men we intitle Patience,

Is pale cold Cowardice in Noble breastes.

What shall I say: to safegard thy owne life,

The best way is, to venge my *Glocesters* death.

*Gaunt.* Gods is the quarrell, for Gods substitute,

His deputie annoynted in his sight,

Hath causd his death; the which if wrongfully,

Let Heauen reuenge, for I may neuer list

*The Tragedie of*

An angrie arme against his minister.

*Duch.* Where then alas may I complaine my selfe?

*Gaunt.* To God, the Widowes Champion and defence.

*Duch.* Why then I will : farewell old Gaunt,

Thou goest to Couentry, there to behold

Our Coosin Herford and fell Mowbray fight.

O set my husbands wronges on Herfords Speare,

That it may enter butcher Mowbraies breast.

Or if misfortune misse the first carrier,

Be Mowbraies sinnes so heauie in his bosome,

That they may breake his foming Coursers backe,

And throw the rider headlong in the listes,

A cative recreant to my Coosin Herford.

Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife,

With her companion, grieve must end her life,

*Gaunt.* Sister farewell, I must to Couentrie :

As much good stay with thee, as goe with me.

*Duch.* Ye cone word more; grieve boundeth where it falles

Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight :

I take my leaue before I haue begunne,

For sorrow endes not when it seemeth done :

Commend me to my brother Edmund Yorke;

Loe this is all : nay yet depart not so,

Though this be all, do not so quickly goe,

I shall remcmber more : Bidd him ; ah what?

With all good speed at Plashie visit me.

Alacke and what shall good old Yorke there see,

But emptie Lodgings and vn furnisht Walles,

Vnpeopled Offices, vntrodden Stones;

And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?

Therefore commend me, let him not come there,

To seeke out sorrow, that dwels cuery where;

Desolate, desolatẽ will I hence and die :

The last leaue of thee takes my weeping eye.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Lord Marshall and the Duke Aumerle.*

*Mar.* My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Kerford armed?

*Aum.* Yea at all poyntes, and longs to enter in.

*Mar.*

Sc.III.

*Richard the Second.*

*Mar.* The Duke of Norfolk sprightly and bold,  
Staies but the summons of the appellants trumpet.

*Ann.* Why then the Champions are prepar'd, and stay  
For no thing but his Maiesties approach.

*The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his Nobles: when they  
are set, enter the Duke of Norfolk in armes defendant.*

*King.* Marshall demaund of yonder Champion,  
The cause of his ariual here in armes,  
Aske him his name, and orderly proceede  
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.

*Mar.* In Gods name and the Kinges, say who thou art,  
And why thou comest thus Knightly clad in armes?  
Against what man thou comst, and what's thy quarrell,  
Speake truly on thy Knighthood, and thy oth,  
As so defend thee heauen and thy valour

*Mow.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, D. of Norfolk,  
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,  
(Which God defend a Knight should violate)  
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth,  
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,  
Against the Duke of Herford that appeales mee,  
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,  
To prooue him in defending of my selfe,  
A Traitour to my God, my King, and me:  
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

*The Trumpets sound, enter Duke of Herford  
appellant in armour*

*King.* Marshall aske yonder Knight in armes,  
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither  
Thus plated in habillements of Warre,  
And formally, according to our law,  
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.

*Mar.* What is thy name, & wherefore comst thou hither,  
Before King Richard in his royall lists?  
Against whom comes thou? and what's thy quarrell?  
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee Heauen.

I.iii.

## The Tragedie of

*Bul.* Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darbie  
 Am I, who readie heere do stand in Armes,  
 To prooue by Gods grace, and my bodie's valour  
 In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Morfolke,  
 That he is a Traitor foule and dangerous,  
 To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me:  
 And as I truly fight, defend me heaven:

*Mar.* On paine of death no person be so bolde  
 Or daring, hardie, as to touch the lists,  
 Except the Martiall and such officers  
 Appointed to direct these faire designs.

*Bul.* Lord Martiall, let me kisse my Soueraignes hand  
 And bow my knee before his Maiestie,  
 For Mowbray and my selfe are like two men,  
 That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage.  
 Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,  
 And louing farewell of our seuerall friends.

*Mar.* The appellat in all dutie greetes your highnesse,  
 And craues to kisse your hand and take his leaue:

*King.* We will descend and folde him in our armes.  
 Cousin of Herford, as thy cause is right,  
 So bethy fortune in this royall fight:  
 Farewell my bloud, which is to day thou shead,  
 Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

*Bul.* O let no noble eie prophane a reare  
 For me, if I be gordewith Mowbrayes speare:  
 As confident as is the Falcons flight  
 Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.  
 My louing Lord I take my leaue of you:  
 Of you (my noble Cousin) Lord Aumarle,  
 Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,  
 But lustie, yong, and cheereley drawing breath.  
 Loe, as at English feasts so I regret  
 The dainiest last, to make the end most sweete.  
 Oh thou the earthly Author of my bloud,  
 Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,  
 Doth with a two-folde vigour lift me vp,  
 To reach a victorie about my head,

Adde

*King Richard the Second.*

Adde prooffe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,  
 And with thy blessings Steele my launces point,  
 That it may enter Mowbrayes waxen coate,  
 And furbish new the name of Iohn a Gaunt,  
 Euen in the lustie hauiour of his Sonne.

*Gaunt.* God in thy good cause make thee prosperous.

Be swift like lightning in the execution,  
 And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,  
 Fall like amazing thunder on the caske  
 Of thy aduerse pernicious enemy,

Rowse vp thy youthfull bloud, be valiant and liue.

*Bul.* Mine innocence and Saint George to thriue.

*Mow.* How euer God or fortune cast my lotte,  
 There lies or dies true to King Richards throne,  
 A loyall, iust, and vpright Gentleman ;

Neuer did captiue with a freer heart  
 Cast off his Chaines of Bondage, and embrace,  
 His Golden vncontroled Enfranchisement,  
 More then my dauncing soule doth celebrate  
 This feast of battle with mine aduersarie.

Most mightie Liege, and my companion Peeres,  
 Take from my mouth the wish of happie yeares,  
 As gentle and as iocund as to iest,  
 Goe I to fight, truth hath a quier brest.

*King.* Farewell (my Lord) securely I espie,  
 Vertue with valour couched in thine eie,  
 Order the triall Martiall, and beginne.

*Mart.* Harrie of Herforde, Lancaster, and Darby,  
 Receiue thy launce, and God defend thy right.

*Bul.* Strong as a tower in hope I cry, Amen.

*Mart.* Go beare this launce to Thomas D of Norfolke.

*Herald.* Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby  
 Stands heere, for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,  
 On paine to be found false and recreant,  
 To proue the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray.  
 A Traitor to his God, his King, and him.

And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

*Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray D. of Norfolke,

*The Tragedie of*

On paine to be found false and recreant,  
 Both to defend himselfe, and to approue  
 Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby,  
 To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall,  
 Courageously, and with a free desire,  
 Attending but the signall to begin.

*Mari.* Sound Trumpets, and set forth Combatants:  
 Stay, the King hath throwne his warder downe.

*King.* Let them lay by their Helmets, and their Spears,  
 And both returne backe to their Chaires againe :  
 Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,  
 While we returne these Dukes what we decreet.  
 Draw neere and list

What with our Counsell we haue done.  
 For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyled  
 With that deare blood which it hath fostered :  
 And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
 Of ciuill wounds ploughd vp with neighbours sword:  
 And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride  
 Of skie-aspiring and ambitious thoughts  
 With riuall-hating Enuie set on you,  
 To wake our peace, which in our Countries cradle  
 Drawes the sweete infant breath of gentle sleepe,  
 Which so roused vp vvith boysterous vtunde drummes,  
 With harsh resounding trumpets dreadfull bray,  
 And grating shock of vvrathefull yron armes,  
 Might from our quiet confines fright faire Peace,  
 And make vs vvade euen in our kineds blood :  
 Therefore vve banish you our territories.  
 You Cousin Herford, vpon paine of life,  
 Till twyce five Summers haue enricht our field,  
 Shall not regreete our faire dominions,  
 But tread the stranger pathes of banishment.

*Bul.* Your vvill be done; this must my comfort be,  
 That Sunne that vvarmes you heere, shall shine on me;  
 And those his golden beames vnto you heere lent,  
 Shall poynt on me, and guild my banishment.

*King.* Norfolke, for thee remaines a heauier doome,  
 Which

*King Richard the Second.*

Which I with some vnwillignes pronounce,  
 The slow houres shall not determinate  
 The datelesse limit of thy deare exile:  
 The hopelesse word of neuer to returne,  
 Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.

*Mow.* A heauie sentence, my most soueraigne Liege,  
 And all vnlookt for from your Highnes mouth.

A dearer merit, not so deepe a mayme,  
 As to be cast soorth in the common ayre,  
 Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands:  
 The language I haue leard these fourty yeares,  
 My native English now I must forgoe,  
 And now my tongues vs is to me no more  
 Than an vnstringed viol or a harpe;  
 Or like a cunning instrument casde vp,  
 Or being open, put into his hands

That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.  
 Within my mouth you haue ingaylde my tongue,  
 Doubly perculist with my teeth and lippes,  
 And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance  
 Is made my Tayler to attende on me:  
 I am too old to fawne vpon an Nurse,  
 Too farre in yeares to be a Pupill now.  
 What is thy sentence but speechlesse death;  
 Which robbes my tongue from breathing native breath?

*King.* It bootes thee not to be compassionate,  
 After our sentence, playning comes too late.

*Mow.* Then thus I turne me from my Countries light,  
 To dwell in sollemne shades of endlesse night.

*King.* Returne againe, and take an oth with thee,  
 Lay on our royall Sword your banisht hands.  
 Swear by the dutie that y<sup>e</sup> owe to God,  
 (Our part therein vve banish vwith your selues)  
 To keepe the oath that vve administer:  
 You neuer shall, so helpe you truth and God,  
 Embrace each others loue in banishment,  
 Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,  
 Nor neuer vwrite, regreete, nor reconcile:

This

*The Tragedie of*

This louing tempest of your home-bred hate,  
Nor neuer by aduised purpose meete,  
To plotte, contriue, or complot any ill,  
Gainst vs, our state, our subiects, or our land.

*Bul.* I sweare.

*Mow.* And I, to keepe all this.

*Bul.* Norfolk, so fare as to mine enemye:

By this time, had the King permitted vs,  
One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,  
Banisht this frayle Sepulchre of our flesh,  
As now our flesh is banisht from this land.  
Confesse thy treasons ere thou fly the Realme,  
Since thou hast farre to go, beare not along  
The clogging burthen of a guiltie soule.

*Mow.* No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were traytour,  
My name be blotted from the Booke of life,  
And I from Heauen banisht, as from hence:  
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,  
And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rew:  
Farewell (my Leige) now no way can I stray,  
Saue backe to England, all the world's my way.

*King.* Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eyes,  
I see thy griued heart: thy sad aspect  
Hath from the number of his banisht yeares  
Pluckt foure away, fixe frozen Winters spent,  
Returne with welcome home from banishment.

*Bul.* How long a time lies in one little word?  
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton Springs,  
End in a word; such is the breach of Kings.

*Gaunt.* I thanke my Liege, that in regard of mee,  
He shortens foure yeares of my Sonnes exile,  
But little vantage shall I reape thereby:  
For ere the fixe yeares that he hath to spend  
Can change their moones, and bring their times about,  
My oyle-dried lampe, and time bewasted light  
Shall be extinct with age and endlesse night:  
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
And blindfold Death not let me see my Sonne.

*King.*



Sc.iii

*Richard the Second.*

Iiii.

*King.* Why Vnckle, thou hast many yeares to live.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute (*King*) that thou canst giue:

Shorten my dayes thou canst with sullen sorrow,  
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow.

Thou canst helpe Time to furrow me with age,  
But stoppe no wrinckle in his pilgrimage:

Thy word is currant with him, for my death,  
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

*King.* Thy Sonne is banisht with good aduise,  
Whereto thy tongue, a party, verdict gaue,  
Why at our iustice seemst thou then to lowre?

*Gaunt.* Things sweete to taste, prooue in digestion sowre.

You vrge me as a ludge, but I had rather  
You would haue bid me argue like a Father.

Oh had't been a stranger, not my child,  
To smooth his fault I would haue been more milde:

A partiall slaunder fought I to auoyde,  
And in the sentence, my owne life destroyde.

Alas, I lookt when some of you should say,  
I was too strict to make mine owne away:

But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,  
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.

*King.* Coosin farewell, and Vnckle bid him so;  
Sixe yeares we banish him, and he shall go.

*An.* Coosin farewell; what presence must not know  
From where you do remaine, let Paper show,

*Mar.* My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride  
As farre as land will let me, by your side.

*Gaunt.* Oh to what purpose doest thou hoard thy words,  
That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?

*Bull.* I haue too few to take my leaue of you,  
When the tongues office should be prodigall,  
To breath the abundant dolour of the heart.

*Gaunt.* Thy griefe is but thy absence for a time.

*Bul.* Ioy absent, griefe is present for that time.

*Gaunt.* What is sixe Winters? they are quickly gone.

*Bul.* To men in ioy, but griefe makes one houre ten.

*Gaunt.* Call it a trauaile that thou takst for pleasure.

C.

Bul

*The Tragedie of*

*Bul.* My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,  
Which findes it an inforced pilgrimage.

*Gaunt.* The sullen passage of thy wearie steps,  
Esteeme a foyle wherein thou art to set,  
The precious Jewell of thy home returne.

*Bul.* Nay rather euerie tedious stride I make,  
Will but remember me what deale of world  
I wander from the lewels that I loue.  
Must I not serue a long apprenticeshood  
To forren passages, and in the end,  
Hauing my freedome, boast of nothing else,  
But that I was a iourneyman to griefe?

*Gaunt.* All places that the eie of heauen visits,  
Are to a wise man ports and happy hauens.  
Teach thy necessitie to reason thus.

There is no vertue like necessitie:  
Thinke not the King did banish thee  
But thou the King, who doth the heavier sit,  
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:  
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,  
And not the King exile thee; or suppose  
Deuouring pestilence hangs in our aire,  
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:  
Looke what thy soule holds deere, imagine it  
To ly that way thou goest, not whence thou comst:  
Suppose the singing birds musitions,  
The grasse whereon thou treadst, the presence strowde,  
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy steps, no more  
Then a delightfull measure or a daunce,  
For gnarling sorrow hath lesse power to bite  
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

*Bul.* Oh who can hold a fier in his hand,  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December snow,  
By thinking on fantastick summers heat?  
Oh no, the apprehension of the good

Sc.iii

*Richard the Second.*

Liii.

Giues but the greater feeling to the worfe :  
 Fell sorrowes tooth doth neuer rancle more  
 Then when it bites, but lancheth not the soare.

304 *Gaunt.* Come come my sonne, Ile bring thee on thy way  
 Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

†  
304

308 *But.* Then Englands ground farewell, sweete soile adiew,  
 309 My Mother and my nurse that beares me yet.  
 Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,  
 Though banisht, yet a true borne Englishman. *Exeunt.*

308  
309

Sc. iv.

*Enter the King with Bushie, &c. at one doore, and the  
 Lord Aumarle at the other.*

L. iv.

*King.* We did obserue Coosin Aumarle,  
 How farre brought you high Herford on his way?

†

*Aum.* I brought high Herford, if you call him so,  
 But to the next high way, and there I left him.

4

*King.* And say, what store of parting teares were shed:

*Aum.* Faith none for me, except the Northcast winde,  
 Which then blew bitterly against our face,  
 Awak the sleeperewe, and so by chance  
 Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

†

8†

*King.* What said your coosin when you parted with him?

†

*Au.* Farewell, and for my heart disdained that my tongue  
 Should so prophane the word that taught me craft,  
 To counterfaite oppression of such griefe,  
 That words seemd buried in my sorrowes graue :  
 Marry would the word Farewell haue lengthned houres,  
 And added yeeres to his short banishment,  
 He should haue had a volume of farewels :  
 But since it would not, he had none of me.

†

12

*King.* He is our Coosins Coosin, but tis doubt,  
 When time shall call him home from banishment,  
 Whether our kinsman comes to see his friends.

16

20†

Our selfe and Bushie,  
 Obserued his courtship to the common people,  
 How he did seeme to diue into their hearts,  
 With humble and familiar curtesie,  
 With reuerence he did throw away on slaues,

†

24

†

Liv.

*The Tragedie of*

Scir.

Wooing poore Craftsmen with the craft of smiles,  
 And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,  
 As twere to banish their affects with him,  
 Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyster-wench,  
 A brace of Draymen bid God speed him well,  
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
 With thanks my Countrey-men, my louing friends,  
 As were our England in reuerfion his,  
 And he our subiectes next degree in hope.

*Green.* Well, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts.  
 Now for the Rebels which stand out in *Ireland*,  
 Expedient mannage must be made (my Liege)  
 Ere further leysure yeeld them further meanes  
 For their aduantage, and your highnesse losse.

*King.* We will our selfe in person to this Warre  
 And for our Coffers, with too great a Court  
 And liberall larges, are growne somewhat light;  
 We are inforst to faime our royall Realme,  
 The reuenue whereof shall furnish vs :  
 For our affaires in hand if that come short,  
 Our substitutes at home shall haue blancke Charters,  
 Where to, when they shall know what men are rich,  
 They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,  
 And send them after to supply our wants,  
 For we will make for *Ireland* presently.

*Enter Bushie with newes.*

*Bush.* Old Iohn of Gaunt is grieuous sicke, my Lord,  
 Sodaynely taken, and hath sent post hast  
 To intreate your Maiestie to visit him.

*King.* Where lies he?

*Bush.* At Ely house.

*King.* Now put it (God) into the Phisitions minde,  
 To helpe him to his Graue immediately:  
 The lying of his Coffers shall make coates,  
 To decke our Souldiours for these *Irish* Warres.  
 Come Gentlemen, lets all goe visit him,  
 Pray God we may make haste, and come too late :

*Amen.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*King Richard the Second.*

*Enter Iohn of Gaunt sicke, with the Duke of Torke, &c.*

*Gaunt.* Will the King come, that I may breach my last,  
In holosome counsell to his vntayned youth?

*Tork.* Vex not your selfe, nor strue not with your breath  
For all in vaine comes counsell to his care.

*Gaunt.* Oh, but they say, the tongues of dying men,  
Inforce attention like deepe harmonie :

Where words are scarce, they are seldome spent in vaine,  
For they breath trueth that breath their words in paine.

He that no more must say, is listned more  
Then they whom youth and ease hath taught to glose.

More are mens ends markt, then their liues before:

The setting Sunne, and Musicke at the glose,

As the last taste of sweetes is sweetest last,

Writ in remembrance, more then things long past.

Though *Richard* my liues counsell would not heare,

My deaths sad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.

*Tork.* No, it is stopt with other flattering sounds,

As prayes of his state: then there are found

Lasciuious Meeters, to whose venom sound

The open eare of youth doth alwayes listen.

Report of fashions in proud *Italies*,

Whose manners still our tardie apish nation

Lumps after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanitie,

So it be new, there's no respect how vile,

That is not quickly buzzd into his eares?

Then all too late comes Counsell to be heard,

Where Will doth murinie with Wittes regard.

Direct not him whose way himselfe will chouse,

Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose.

*Gaunt.* Meethinkes I am a Prophet new inspirde,

And thus expiring, do foretell of him;

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last :

For violent fires soone burne out themselues,

Small showers last long, but sodaine stormes are short :

He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes.

*The Tragedie of*

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder,  
 Light Vanitie, insatiate cormorant.  
 Consuming meanes soone prayes vpon it selfe:  
 This royall throne of Kings, this Sceptred Ile,  
 This earth of Maiestie, this teate of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demie Paradice,  
 This Foretresse built by Nature for her selfe,  
 Against infection, and the hand of Warre;  
 This happy breede of Men, this little World,  
 This precious Stone set in the siluer sea,  
 Which serues it in the office of a Wall,  
 Or as a Moate defensiu to a house,  
 Against the enuie of lesse happier Lands :  
 This blessed plotte, this Earth, this Realme, this England,  
 This Nurse, this teeming wombe of royall Kings,  
 Feard by their breed, and famous by their birth,  
 Renowned in their decdes as farre from home,  
 For christian seruice and true chiuallrie,  
 As is the Sepulchre in stubborne Iewrie,  
 Of the worldes ransome, blessed Maries sonne :  
 This land of such deare soules, this deare deare land;  
 Deare for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now leaced out (I die pronouncing it)  
 Like to a Tenement, or pelted Farme.  
 England bound in with the triumphant Sea,  
 Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege  
 Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
 With Inkie blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.  
 That England that was wont to conquere others,  
 Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe :  
 Ah would the scandall vanisht with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death;  
*Toke.* The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,  
 For young hot Colts being rag'd, do rage the more.

*Enter the King and Queens, &c.*

*Queene.* How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?

*King.* What comfort man? how ist with aged Gaunt:

*Gaunt.*

*King Richard the Second.*

*Gaunt.* O how that name befits my composition,  
 Old Gaunt in deede, and gaunt in being old;  
 Within me Griefe hath kept a tedious fast.  
 And who abstaines from meate, that is not gaunt?  
 For sleeping England, long time haue I watcht;  
 Watching breedes leanenesse, leanenesse is all gaunt:  
 The pleasure that some Farthers feede vpon,  
 Is my strict fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,  
 And therein, fasting hast thou made me gaunt.  
 Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,  
 Whose hollow wombe inherites nought but bones.

*King.* Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?

*Gaunt.* No, miserie makes sport to mocke it selfe.  
 Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,  
 O mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

*King.* Should dying men flatter those that liue?

*Gaunt.* No, no; men living, flatter those that die.

*King.* Thou now a dying sayst, thou flatterest me.

*Gaunt.* Oh no, thou diest though I the sicker be.

*King.* I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.

*Gaunt.* Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill,  
 Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee seeing ill,  
 Thy death-bed is no lesser then the land,  
 Wherein thou liest in reputation sicke,  
 And thou too carelesse patient as thou art,  
 Commitst thy annoynted body to the cure  
 Of those Physicians that first wounded thee:  
 A thousand Flatterers sit within thy Crowne,  
 Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head;  
 And yet incaged in so small a verge,  
 The waste is no whit lesser then thy land:  
 Oh had thy Grandfire with a Prophets eye,  
 Scene how his sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes,  
 From forth thy reach he would haue laide thy shame,  
 Deposing thee before thou wert posselt,  
 Which art posselt now to depose thy selfe.  
 Why Cousin, wert thou regent of the world,  
 It were a shame to let this Land by Lease:

But

II.

*The Tragedie of*

Scv.

But for thy world enioying but this land,  
 Is it not more then shame to shame it so?  
 Land-lord of England art thou now not, not King,  
 Thy state of law is bondslauē to the law,  
 And thou.

*King.* Ah lunaticke leane-witted foole,  
 Presuming on an Agues priuiledge,  
 Darest vwith thy frozen admonition  
 Make pale our checke, chasing the royall blood  
 With furie from his native residence.

Now by my Seates right royall maiestie  
 Wert thou not brother to great *Edwards* sonne,  
 This tongue that runnes so roundly in thy head,  
 Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.

*Gauin.* Oh spare me not my brother *Edwards* sonne,  
 For that I was his father *Edwards* sonne:

That blood already, like the Pellican,  
 Hast thou tapt and drunkenly carowst:  
 My brother *Gloester*, plaine well meaning soule,  
 Whom faire befall in heauen mongst happy soules,  
 May be a president and witnes good,  
 That thou respectst not spilling *Edwards* blood.

Loyne with the present sicknes that I haue,  
 And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,  
 To crop at once a too long withered flower.  
 Liue in thy shame, but die not shame vwith thee:

These Wordes hercafter, thy tormentors be:  
 Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,  
 Loue they to liue, that loue and honour haue.

*Exit.*

*King.* And let them die, that age and fullens haue,  
 For both hast thou, and both become the graue.

*Torke.* I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words  
 To wayward sicklynes and age in him:  
 He loues you on my life, and holder you deere,  
 As *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, were he herte.

*King.* Right, you say true; as *Herfords* loue, so his:  
 As theirs, so mine, and beas it is.

*North.*



Sc.V

*Richard the Second.*

*North.* My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Ma-  
*King.* What sayes hee? (iellie.

*North.* Nothing, all is sayd;  
 His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,  
 Wordes, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

*Torke.* Be *Torke* the next that must be banckrout so,  
 Though Death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

*King.* The ripest Fruite first falles, and so doth he;  
 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:  
 So much for that. Now for our *Irish* Warres:

We must supplant those rough rug-headed kernes,  
 Which liue like venome, where no venome else  
 But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.

And for these great affayres do aske some charge,  
 Towards our assistance we do seaze to vs,  
 The Plate, Coyne, Reuenues, and moueables  
 Whereof our Vnckle *Gaunt* did stand posselt.

*Torke.* How long shall I be patient? Ah how long  
 Shall tender duetie make me suffer wroug?

Nor *Glocesters* death, nor *Herfords* banishment,  
 Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor *Englands* priuate wrongs,  
 Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*

About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace,  
 Haue euer made me fower my patient cheeke,  
 Or bend one wrinkle on my *Soucraignes* face:

I am the last of the noble *Edwards* sonnes,  
 Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was first.

In Warre, was neuer Lion ragde more fierce:  
 In Peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde  
 Then was that young and princely Gentleman:

His face thou hast, for euen so lookt he,  
 Accomplisht with a number of thy houres;  
 But when he frowned, it was against the French,

And not against his Friendes: his noble hand  
 Did winne what he did spend, and spent not that  
 Which his triumphant Fathers hand had wonne:

His hands were guiltie of no kindred blood,  
 But bloody with the enemies of his kinne.

D

Oh

*The Tragedie of*

Oh Richard ! Yorke is too farre gone with griefe,  
Or else he neuer would compare betweene.

*King.* Why Vnckle, whats the matter?

*Yorke.* Oh my liege, pardon me if you please,  
If not, I pleas'd, not to be pardoned, am content with all :

Seeke you to seize and gripe into your hands,  
The roialties and rights of banisht Herford?

Is not Gaunt dead ? and doth not Herford liue?

Was not Gaunt iust ? and is not Harry true?

Did not the one deserue to haue an heyre?

Is not his heyre a well deseruing sonne?

Take Herfordes rights away, and take from time

His Charters and his customarie rights ;

Let not to morrow then ensue to day :

Be not thy selfe ; For how art thou a King,

But by faire sequence, and succession?

Now afore God, God forbid I say true,

If you doe wrongfully seize Herfords right,

Call in the Letters patents that he hath

By his attournies generall to sue

His liuery, and deny his offered homage,

You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,

You lose a thousand well disposed hearts,

And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts,

Which honour and allegiance cannot thinke.

*King.* Thinke what you will, we seize into our hands,

His plate, his goods, his money and his land.

*Yorke.* Ile not be by the while, my liege farewell,

What will insue hercof, there's none can tell :

But by bad courtes may be vnderstood,

That their euentures can neuer fall out good.

*Exit.*

*King.* Go Bishpie, to the Earle of Wiltshire straight,

Bid him repayre to vs to Ely house,

To see this businesse: to morrow next

We will for Ireland, and t'is time I trow ;

And we create in absence of our selfe,

Our Vnckle Yorke, Lord Gouvernour of England;

For he is iust, and alwayes loued vs well ;

**Come**

Sc*v*.*Richard the Second.*

Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,  
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

*Exeunt King and Queene. Manet North.*

*North.* Well Lordes, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

*Rosse.* And living too, for now his sonne is Duke.

*Willough.* Barely in title, not in reuenues.

*North.* Richly in both, if iustice had her right.

*Rosse.* My heart is great, but it must breake with silence,  
Er't be disburdened with a liberall tongue.

*North.* Nay speake thy mind, & let him nere speake more,  
That speakes thy words againe, to do thee harme.

*Willough.* Tend's that thou wouldst speake, to the D. of  
If it be so, out with it boldly man, (Herford:  
Quickc is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

*Rosse.* No good at all, that I can doe for him :

Vnlesse you call it good, to pittie him,  
Bereft and gelded of his Patrimonie.

*North.* Now afore God t'is shame, such wrongs are borne  
In him a royall Prince, and many mo  
Of noble blood in this declining land :

The King is not himselfe, but bacely led  
By flatterers, and what they will informe,  
Meerely in hate against any of vs all,

That will the King seuerely prosecute  
Against vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

*Rosse.* The Commons hath he pild with grieuous taxes,  
And quite lost their hearts. The Nobles hath he fin'd  
For auncient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*Willough.* And dayly new exactions are deuise,  
As Blanckes, Beneuolences, and I wot not what.

*North.* But what a Gods name doth become of this?

*Willough.* Warres hath not wasted it; for warr'd he hath not,  
But bacely yeelded vpon compromise,  
That which his noble Auncestors atchiude with blowes:  
More hath he spent in peace, then they in Warres.

*Rosse.* The Earle of Wiltshire hath the Realme in farme.

*Willough.* The King's growne bankrout like a broken man.

D*1**North.*

*The Tragedie of*

*North.* Reproach and desolation hangeth ouer him.

*Rosse.* He hath not Money for these Irish Warres,  
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,  
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.

*North.* His noble kinsman most degenerate King :  
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,  
Yet seeke no shelter to auoyde the storme.

We see the Winde sit sore vpon our Sayles,  
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

*Rosse.* We see the very Wracke that we must suffer,  
And vnauoyded is the danger now,  
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

*North.* Not so, euen through the hollow eyes of death,  
I espie life peering ; but I dare not say,  
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

*Wil.* Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

*Rosse.* Be confident to speake Northumberland,  
We three are but thy selfe ; and speaking so,  
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

*North.* Then thus : I haue from *Le Port Blaz*  
(A Bay in *Brittanie*) receiued intelligence,  
That Harry Duke of Herforde, Raynold L. Cobham,  
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter  
His brother Archbishop late of Canterbury,  
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir Iohn Ramston,  
Sir Iohn Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Comes,  
All these, well furnished by the Duke of Brittainc,  
With eight tall Ships, threethousand men of Warre,  
Are making hither with all due expedience,  
And shortly meane to touch our Northern shore:  
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay  
The first departing of the King for Ireland :  
If then we shall shake off our Countries slauish yoke,  
Impe out our drowping Countries broken wing,  
Redeeme from broken pawne the blemisht Crowne,  
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters guilt,  
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,  
Away with me in post to Rauenspurgh:

But

Sc.v.

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Sc.vi

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*King Richard the Second.*

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

*Rosse.* To horse, to horse, vrgе doubts to them that feare.

*Will.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

*Exeunt.**Enter the Queene, Bushie, and Bagot.*

*Bush.* Madam, your Maiestie is too much sadde,  
You promist when you parted with the King,  
To lay aside halfe-harming heauinesse,  
And entertaine a chearefull disposition.

*Queene.* To please the King I did, to please my selfe  
I cannot doo it; yet I know no cause  
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,  
Saue bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,  
As my sweete Richard: yet againe me thinkes  
Some vnborne Sorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe,  
Is comming towards me and my inward soule,  
With nothing trembles, at some thing it grieues,  
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

*Bush.* Each substance of a griefe hath twenty shadowes,  
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:  
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,  
Deuides one thing entire to many obiects.  
Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,  
Shew nothing but confusion, eyde awry,  
Distinguish forme: so your sweete Maiestie,  
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,  
Finde shapes of griefe more then himselfe to waile,  
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but shadowes  
Of what it is not, then thrice (gracious Queene)  
More then your Lordes departure weepe not, more is not  
Or if it be, tis with false Sorrowes eyes, (seene,  
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.

*Queene.* It may be so, but yet my inward soule  
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,  
I cannot but be sad; so heauie sad,  
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,  
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and shrink.

*The Tragedie of*

*Bush.* Tis nothing but conceite(my gracious Lady.)

*Queene.* Tis nothing lesse, Conceite is still deriude  
From some forefather Griefe, mine is not so,  
For nothing hath begot my something griefe,  
Or something hath the nothing that I grieue,  
Tis in reuersion that I do possesse:

But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what  
I cannot name, tis namelesse woe I wot.

*Greene.* God saue your Maiestie, & well met Gentlemen,  
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.

*Queene.* Why hopest thou so? tis better hope he is,  
For his signes craue haste, his haste good hope:  
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

*Greene.* That he our hope might haue retirede his power,  
And driuen into despaire an enemies hope,  
Who strongly hath set footing in this land,  
The banisht *Bullingbrooke* repeales himselfe,  
And with vplifted armes is safe ariude at Rauenspurgh.

*Queene.* Now God in heauen forbid.

*Greene.* Ah Madam, tis too true; and that is worse:  
The Lord Northumberland, his young sonne H. Piercie,  
The Lords of Rosse, Beaumont, and Willoughby,  
With all their powerfull friendes, are fled to him.

*Bush.* Why haue you not proclaimde Northumberland  
And the rest of the reuolting faction, traytours?

*Greene.* We haue, wherevpon the Earle of Worcester  
Hath broke his Staffe, resignd his Stewardship,  
And al the household seruants fled with him to Bullingbrook

*Queene.* So Greene, thou art the Midwife of my woe,  
And Bullingbrooke, my sorrowes dismall heire:  
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigie,  
And I a gasping new deliuered mother,  
Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioyned.

*Bush.* Dispaire not Madam.

*Queene.* Who shall hinder me?  
I will dispaire and be at enmitie  
With couetous Hope, he is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper backe of death,

Who

*King Richard the Second.*

Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,  
Which false Hope lingers in extremitie..

72 *Greene.* Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

*Queene.* With signes of Warre about his aged necke;  
Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:

Vnckle, for Gods sake speake comfortable wordes.

76 *Yorke.* Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts,

Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing liues but crosses, care, and griefe.

80 Your Husband he is gone to saue farre off,  
Whilst others come to make him loose at home :

Heere am I left to vnderprop his land,  
Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe.

84 Now comes the sicke houre that his surfeit made,

Now shall he trie his Friendes that flattered him.

*Seruingman.* My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came,

*Yorke.* He was, why so; go all which way it will :

The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold;  
And will (I feare) reuolt on Herfords side.

88 Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Gloucester,

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,

Hold take my Ring.

92 *Seruing.* My Lord, I had forgot to tell your Lordship,

To day I came by and called there;

But I shall grieue you to report the rest.

*Tak.* What ist knaue?

96 *Seruingm.* An houre before I came, the Dutcheffe died.

*Yorke.* God for his mercie! what a tyde of woes

Comes rushing on this wofull Land at once?

I know not what to doe : I would to God

100 (So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)

The King had cut off my head with my brothers.

What, are there two Posts dispatcht for Ireland?

How shall we do for money for these Warres?

104 Come Sister, Coofin I would say; pray pardon me :

Goe fellow, get thee home, prouide some Carts,

And bring away the Armour that is there.

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?

III.

*The Tragedie of*

If I know how or which way to order these affayres,

Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,

Neuer beleue mee: both are my kinsmen;

† 112 T'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath

†

And dutie bids defend: t'other againe,

Is my Kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,

Whom Conscience and my Kindred bids to right.

116

Well, somewhat we must doe: come Cousin,

117. 118

Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, got muster vp your men,

†

And meete me presently at Barckly:

120. 121

I should to Plashie too, but time will not permit:

122

All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at fixe and seauen.

†

*Exeunt Duke, & Queene: manent Bushie and Greene.*

Bush. The Wind sits faire for newes to go for Ireland,

124

But none returnes. For vs to leuie power

125. 126

Proportionable to the enemye, is all vnpossible.

Greene. Besides, our neerenesse to the King in loue,

128

Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.

Bag. And that is the wauering Commons; for their loue

Lies in their Purfes, and who so empties them,

By so much fillles their hearts with deadly hate.

132

Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then so do we,

Because we euer haue been neere the King.

Greene. Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristle Castle,

The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

136

Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office

Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,

†

Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces:

140

Will you goe along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maiestie:

Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,

We three heere part, that nere shall meete againe.

144

Bush. That's as Yorke thriues to beat backe Bullingbrook.

Greene. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes,

Is numbring Sands, and drinking Oceans dry,

Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie:

148

Farewell at once, for once, for all and euer.

*Bush*



Sc.vi.

*King Richard the Second.**Euss.* Well, we may meeete againe.*Rag.* I feare me neuer.*Enter Herford : Northumberland.**Bull.* How farre is it my Lord to Barckly now?*North.* Beleeue me noble Lord,

I am a stranger in Gloucestershire,

These high wild hils and rough vneuen wayes,  
Drawes out our mules, and makes them wearisome,And yet your faire discourse hath beene as fugar,  
Making the hard way sweete and delectable:But I bethinke me what a weary way,  
From Rauenspurgh to Cotshall will be found,  
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby* wanting your company,  
Which I protest hath very much beguild.

The tediousnesse and processe of my trauell :

But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue

The present benefite that I possesse,

And hope to ioy is little lesse in ioy,

Then hope inioyed : by this the weary Lords  
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,  
By sight of what I haue, your noble companie.*Bul.* Of much lesse value is my company,  
Then your good words. But who comes here?*Enter Harry Persie.**North.* It is my sonne, yong Harry Persie,  
Sent from my brother Worcester whence soeuer :  
Harry, how fares your Vnckle?

(of you.

*H. Per.* I had thought my Lord to haue learned his health*North.* Why : is he not with the Queene?*H. Per.* No my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court,  
Broken his staffe of office, and disperst  
The household of the King.*North.* What was his reason? he was not so resolute,  
When last we spake together.*H. Per.* Because your Lordship was proclaimed traytour;  
But he my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,  
To offer seruice to the Duke of Herford,  
And sent me ouer by Barckly to discouer,

E

What

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Sc.vii.

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*The Tragedie of*

What power the duke of Yorke had leuied there,  
Then with directions ; to repaire to Rauenspurgh.

†36 *North.* Haue you forgot the duke of *Herford*, boy?

*H. Per.* No my good Lord for that is not forgot  
Which ne re I did remember, to my knowledge  
I neuer in my life did looke on him.

40 *North.* Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.

*H. Per.* My gracious Lord, I tender you my seruice,  
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,  
Which elder dayes shall ripen and confirme  
44 To more approued seruice and desert.

*Bull.* I thanke thee gentle *Perfie*, and be sure,  
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,  
As in a soule remembring my good friends :  
48 And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,  
It shall be still thy true loues recompence,  
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seales it.

52 *North.* How farre is it to *Barker*, and what sturre  
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of warre?

† *H. Per.* There standes the Castle by yon tuft of trees,  
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard :  
And in it are the Lordes of *York*, *Barkley*, and *Seymour*,  
†56 None else of name and noble estimation.

*Nor.* Here come the Lords of *Rosse* and *Willoughby*,  
Blondy with spurring, fiery red with haste.

60 *Bul.* Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues  
A banisht traitour : all my treasury  
Is yet but vnfelt thankes, vvhich more enricht,  
Shall be your loue and labours recompence.

*Rosse.* Your presence makes vs rich, most noble Lord.

64 *Will.* And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.

*Bul.* Euermore thanke's the Exchequer of the poore,  
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,  
Standes for my bounty : but vvhoe comes heere?

†68 *North.* It is my Lord of *Barkley*, as I guelle.

*Barkley.* My Lord of *Herford*, my message is to you.

*Bull.* My Lord, my ansvvere is to *Lancaster*,  
And I am come to seeke that name in England,

And

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## Richard the Second.

And I must finde that title in your tongue,  
Before I make reply to ought you say.

*Burke.* Mistake me not my Lord, it is not my meaning  
To race one title of your Honour out:

To you my Lord I come, what Lord you will,  
From the most glorious of this land,

The Duke of *Torke*, to know what pricketh you on,  
To take advantage of the absent time,

And fright our native peace with selfe-borne Armes?

*Bull.* I shall not need transport my words by you,  
Heere comes his Grace in person: My noble Vnckle!

*Torke.* Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
Whose ducty is deceivable and false.

*Bull.* My gracious Vnckle!

*Torke.* Tut, tut, grace me no grace, nor vnckle me no vnc-  
I am no Traitors vnckle; and that word Grace (kde,

In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane:

Why haue those banisht and forbidden legs

Dar'd once to touch a dust of *Englands* ground?

But more than why? Why haue they dar'd to march

So many myles vpon her peacefull bosome,

Frying her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,

And ostentation of despis'd Armes?

Com'st thou because th' annoynted King is hence?

Why foolish boy, the King is left behind,

And in my loyall bosome lyes his power:

Were I but now Lord of such hot youth,

As when braue *Gaunt* thy father, and thy selfe,

Rescued the blacke Prince that young *Mars* of men,

From forth the ranckes of many thousands French,

O then how quickly should this arme of mine,

Now prisoner to the Paulsey, chastise thee,

And minister correction to thy fault!

*Bull.* My gracious Vnckle, let me know my fault,

On what condition stands it, and wherein?

*Torke.* Euen in condition of the worst degree,

In grosse rebellion, and detest'd treason:

Thou art a banisht man, and heere art come,

*The Tragedie of*

Before the expiration of thy time,  
In brauing armes against my Soueraigne.

*But.* As I was banisht, I was banisht Herford,  
But as I come, I come for Lancaster:

And noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace,  
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:

You are my Father, or me thinkes in you

I see old Gaunt aliue. Oh then Father,

Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd

A wandering Vagabond, my rights and royalties

Pluckt from my Armes perforce, and giuen away

To vpstart Vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?

If that my Coosin King be King of England,

It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:

You haue a Sonne, Ammerle, my noble Coosin,

Had you first died, and he been thus trod downe,

He should haue found his Vnckle Gaunt a father,

To rouze his wronges, and chase them to the Bay.

I am denied to sue my liuerie heere,

And yet my letters pattents giue me leaue.

My fathers goodes are all distrain'd and sold,

And these, and all, are all amisse employed.

What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,

And I challenge Law; Attornies are denide me,

And therefore personally I lay my claime

To my inheritance of free descent.

*North.* The noble Duke hath been too much abused.

*Rosse.* It standes your Grace vpon, to do him right.

*Willough.* Base men by his endowments are made great.

*Tork.* My Lords of England, let me tell you this;

I haue had feeling of my Coosins wronges,

And laboured all I could to doe him right;

But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,

Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,

To find out right with wrong, it may not be:

And you that do abette him in this kind,

Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

*North.* The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is

**But**

Sc.vii.

*King Richard the Second.*

II.iii.

But for his owne; and for the right of that,  
We all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayde :  
And let him ne're see ioy that breakes that oath.

*Torke.* Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes;  
I cannot mende it, I must needes confesse,  
Because my power is weake, and all ill left :  
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,  
I would attach you all, and make you stoope  
Vnto the soneraigne mercy of the King:  
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,  
I do remaine as newter; so fare you well,  
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,  
And there repose you for this night.

*Bul.* An offer Vncke that we will accept,  
But we must winne your Grace to go with vs  
To *Bristow* Castle, which they say is held  
By *Bashie*, *Bagot*, and their complices,  
The Caterpillers of the Common-wealth;  
Which I haue sworne to weede and plucke away.

*Torke.* It may be I will go with you; but yet Ile pause,  
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes :  
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,  
Things past redresse, are now with me past care.

Sc.viii.

*Enter Earle of Salisburie, and a Welch Captaine.*

II.ii.

*Welch.* My Lord of *Salisbury*, we haue staide ten dayes,  
And hardly kept our Countrymen together;  
And yet we heare no tidings from the King,  
Therefore we will disperse our selues : farewell.

*Salis.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welchman,  
The King reposes all his confidence in thee.

*Welch.* Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay,  
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are withered,  
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of heauen :  
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the earth,  
And leane-look't Prophets whisper fearefull change,  
Rich men looke fadde, and Ruffians daunce and leape,  
The one in feare to loose what they enioy.

II. IV.

*The Tragedie of*

SC. VI.

The other to enioy by rage and Warre.

† These signes fore-run the death of Kinges.

16 Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,

16

As well assured Richard their King is dead.

† Sat. Ah Richard! with eyes of heauy minde,

I see thy glory like a shooting starre,

20 Fall to the base earth from the firmament,

20

Thy sunne sets, weeping in the lowly West,

Witnessing stormes to come, woe and vnrest:

Thy friends are fled to waite vpon thy foes,

24 And crossely to thy good all fortune goes.

24

III. I.

*Enter Duke of Herford, Yorke Northumberland*

*Bushie and Greene Prisoners.*

SC. IX.

Bull. Bring forth these men.

Bushie and Greene, I will not vexe your soules;

Since presently your soules must part your bodies,

4 With too much vrging your pernicious liues,

4

For t'were no charity; yet to wash your blood

From off my hands, here in the view of men,

† I will vnfold some causes of your death,

8 You haue mis-led a Prince, a royall King,

8

A happy Gentleman in blood and lineaments,

By you vnhappyed and disfigured cleane,

You haue in manner with your sinfull houres,

12 Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,

12

Broke the possession of a royall bed,

And staynde the beutie of a fayre Queenes cheekes,

† With teares drawne from her eyes with your foule wrongs.

16 My selfe a Prince by fortune of my birth,

16

Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,

† Till they did make him mis-interpret me,

Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,

† 20 And sigh'd my English breath in forren cloudes,

20

Eating the bitter bread of banishment,

† While you haue fedde vpon my segniories,

Disparkt my Parkes, and felld my Forrest woods,

† 24 From mine owne windowes torne my household coate,

24

Rac't out my impresse, leauing me no signe,

Sauē

Scix

*King Richard the Second.*

III.i

Sauemen's opinions, and my living blood,  
 To shew the world I am a Gentleman.  
 This, and much more, much more then twice all this,  
 Condemns you to the death: see them deliuered ouer  
 To execution and the hand of death.

*Bush.* More welcome is the stroke of death to me,  
 Then Bullingbrooke to England: Lords farewell.

*Greene.* My comfort is, that heauen will take our soules,  
 And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.

*Bull.* My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatcht:  
 Vnckle, you say, the Queene is at your house,  
 For Gods sake fairly let her be intreated,  
 Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;  
 Take speciall care my greetings be deliuered.

*Torke.* A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatcht,  
 With letters of your loue to her at large,

*Bull.* Thankes (gentle Vnckle :) come Lords, away,  
 To fight with *Glendor* and his complices,  
 A while to worke, and after, holiday.

*Exeunt.*

Sc.x

*Enter the King, Aumerle, Carles. &c.*

III.ii

*King.* Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

*Aum.* Yea my Lord; how brook's your Grace the ayre  
 After your late tosing on the breaking Seas?

*King.* Needs must I like it well, I weepe for ioy,  
 To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe.  
 Deare earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
 Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooves:  
 As a long parted mother with her child,  
 Playes fondly with her teares and smiles in meeting:  
 So weeping, smiling, greete I thee my earth,  
 And do thee fauour with my royall hands;  
 Feede not thy Soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,  
 Nor with thy sweetes comfort his rauinous sence,  
 But let thy Spiders, that sucke vp thy venome,  
 And heauy gated Toads lie in their way,  
 Doing annoyance to the trecherous secte,  
 Which with vsurping steps do trample thee:

*Yeelede.*

*The Tragedie of*

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies :  
 And when they from thy bosome plucke a flower,  
 Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder,  
 Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch,  
 Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes enemies :  
 Mocke not my senslesse coniuration Lords :  
 This earth shall haue a feeling, and these stones  
 Prooue armed Souldiers ere her natie King  
 Shall falter vnder foule rebellious armes.

*Carl.* Feare not my Lord, that power that made you King,  
 Hath power to keepe you king in spite of all;  
 The means that heauens yeeld must be imbrac't  
 And not neglected. Else heauen would,  
 And we would not; heauens offer, we refuse  
 The proffered means of succours and redresse.

*Aura.* He meanes, my Lord, that we are to remisse,  
 Whilst *Bullingbrooke*, through our security,  
 Growes strong and great in substance and in power.

*King.* Discomfortable coe fin, knowst thou not,  
 That when the searching eie of heauen is hid  
 Behind the globe that lights the lower world,  
 Then theeues and robbers range abroad vnseene,  
 In murthers, and in outrage bloody heere.  
 But when from vnder his terrestriall ball,  
 He fires the proude tops of the esterne pines,  
 And darts his light through euery guilty hole;  
 Then murders, treasons, and detested finnes,  
 The cloake of night being pluckt from off their backs,  
 Stand bare and naked trembling at themselues:  
 So when this thiefe, this traitour *Bullingbrooke*,  
 Who all this while hath reueld in the night  
 Whilst we were wandring with the Antipodes,  
 Shall see vs rising in our throne the East,  
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
 Not able to endure the sight of day,  
 But selfe affrighted, trembled at his sinne,  
 Not all the water in the rough rude Sea,  
 Can wash the balme off from an annoynted King.

The



Sc.x.

*King Richard the Second.*

III.

The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
 The deputy elected by the Lord,  
 For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest,  
 To lift shrewde Steele against our golden crowne,  
 God for his *Ric* : hath in heavenly pay,  
 A glorious Angel : then if Angels fight,  
 Weake men must fall, for heaven still guardes the right.

*Enter Sahsh.**King.* Welcome my Lord: how farre off lies your power?

*Sahsh.* Nor neere nor farther off, my gracious Lord :  
 Than this weake arme ; discomfort guides my tongue.  
 And bids me speake of nothing but Despaire,  
 One day too late, I feare, my noble Lo :  
 Hath clouded all thy happy dayes on earth,  
 O call backe yesterday, bid Time returne,  
 And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men :  
 To day, to day, vnhappy day, too late,  
 ouerthrowes thy ioyes, friends, fortune and thy state :  
 For all the Welckmen hearing thou wert dead,  
 Are gone to *Bulingbrooke*, disperst, and fled.

*Aum.* Comfort, my liege, why lookes your Grace so pale?

*King.* But now the blood of twenty thousand men  
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled :  
 And till so much blood thither come againe,  
 Haue I not reason to looke pale and dead?  
 All soules that will be safe, flie from my side,  
 For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

*Aum.* Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.

*King.* I had forgot my selfe, Am I not King?  
 Awake thou coward, Maiestic thou sleepest,  
 Is not the Kings name twentieth thousand names?  
 Arme, arme, my name a puny subiect strikes  
 At thy great glory, looke not to the ground,  
 Yee fauourites of a King, are we not high?  
 High be our thoughts, I know my vnckle *Torke* (heere)  
 Hath power enough to serue our turne : but who comes

*Enter Scroope.*

*Scroope.* More health and happinesse betide my Liege,  
 F. Then

*The Tragedie of*

Then can my care tuncd tongue deliuer him.

*King.* Mine care is open and my heart prepard,  
The worst is worldly losse thou canst unfold.  
Say, is my Kingdome lost? Why twas my care,  
And what losse is it to berid of care?

Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as we?  
Greater he shall not be: if he serue God,  
Weele serue him too, and be his fellow so.

Reuolt our Subiectes? that we can not mende,  
They breake their fayth to God as well as vs:  
Cry woe, destruction, ruine, and decay,  
The worst is death, and death will haue his day.

*Sarco.* Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so armde  
To beare the tydings of calamitie,  
Like an vnseasonable stormie day,  
Which make the siluer Riuer drowne their shores.

As if the world were all dissolude to teares,  
So high aboue his limits swels the rage  
Of *Bullingbrooke*, couering your fearefull land  
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:  
White beards haue armd their thinne and hairlesse scalps  
Against thy Maiestie: and boyes with womens voyces  
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioynts  
In stiffe vnwildie armes, against thy Crowne,  
Thy very beards-men learne to bend their browes,  
Of double fatall woe against thy state.  
Yea distaste women mannage rustie billes:  
Against thy seate both young and old rebell,  
And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.

*King.* To well, to well thou telst a tale so ill.  
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?  
What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?  
That they haue let the dangerous enemy  
Measure our confines with such peacefull steps.  
If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it:  
I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.

*Sarco.* Peace haue they made with him indeede my Lord.

*King.* Oh villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,  
Dogs

Sc x

*King Richard the Second.*

III

Dogs easily wonne to fawne on any man.  
 Snakes in my heart bloud warmd, that sting my heart;  
 Three Iudas's, each one thrice worse then Iudas,  
 Would they make peace? terrible hell  
 Make warre vpon their spotted soules for this.

*Sero.* Sweete loue's (I see) changing : his property  
 Turnes to the fowrest and most deadly hate.  
 Againe vncurse their soules, their peace is made,  
 With head, and not with hands, those whom you curse  
 Haue felt the worst of deaths destroying wound,  
 And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.

*Ann.* Is Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead?

*Sero.* Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

*Ann.* Where is the Duke my father with his power?

*King.* No matter where, of comfort no man speake.

Lets talke of graues, of wormes, and Epitaphs,  
 Make dust our paper, and with ranie eyes  
 Write sorrow on the bosome of the earth.  
 Lets choose Executors and talke of wils :  
 And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,  
 Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?  
 Our lands, our liues, and all are Bullingbrooks,  
 And nothing can we call our owne, but death,  
 And that small modell of the barren earth,  
 Which serues as paste and couer to our bones.  
 For Gods sake let vs sit vpon the ground,  
 And tell sad stories of the death of Kings,  
 How some haue beene deposde, some slaine in war,  
 Some haunted by the ghosts they haue deposed,  
 Some poysoned by their wiues, some sleeping kild,  
 All murdered : for within the hollow Crowne  
 That rounds the mortall temples of a King,  
 Keepest death his court, and there the antique sits,  
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pompe,  
 Allowing him a breath, a little seane,  
 To Monarchise, be feard, and kill with lookes,  
 Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,  
 As if this flesh which walles a bout our life,

*The Tragedie of*

Were Brasse impregnable: and humord thus,  
 Comes at the last, and with a litle pin,  
 Bores through his Castle walles, and farewell King.  
 Couer your heades, and mocke not flesh and blood,  
 With solemne reuerence throw away respect,  
 Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,  
 For you haue but mistooke me all this while,  
 I liue with bread like you, feeble want,  
 Taste grieve, need friends: subiected thus,  
 How can you say to mee, I am a Kin?

*Carl.* My Lord, Wife-men ne're fit and waile their woes

But presently preuent the wayes to wayle,  
 To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,  
 Gives in your weakenesse strength vnto your foe,  
 And so your follies fight against your selfe:  
 Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight:  
 And fight and die, is death destroying death;  
 Where fearing dying, payes death seruile breath.

*Aum.* My Father hath a power, inquire of him,  
 And learne to make a body of a limme.

*King.* Thou chidst me well; proud *Bullingbrooke*, I come,  
 To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:  
 This Ague-fit of feare is ouerblowne,  
 An easie taske it is to winne our owne.

Say *Seroape*, Where lies our Vnckle with his power?  
 Speake sweetely man, although thy lookes be fower.

*Seroape.* Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,  
 The state and inclination of the day;  
 So may you by my dull and heauy eye:  
 My tongue hath but a heauier tale to say,  
 I play the torturer by small and finall,  
 To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:  
 Your Vnckle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbreak*,  
 And all your Northerne Castles yeilded vp,  
 And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes  
 Vpon his partie.

*King.* Thou hast sayd enough:  
 Beshrew thee Coosin which didst lead me forth

Sc.x

*King Richard the Second.*

III.

Of that sweete way I was in to dispaire.  
 What say you now? What comfort haue we now?  
 By heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,  
 That bids me be of comfort any more,  
 Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,  
 A King woes slaue, shall kingly woe obey:  
 That power I haue; discharge and let them go  
 To eare the land that hath some hope to grow :  
 For I haue none; let no man speake againe  
 To alter this, for counsell is but vaine.

*Ann.* My Liege one word.

*King.* He does me double wrong,  
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue :  
 Discharge my followers, let them hence away,  
 From *Richards* night, to *Bullingbrooks* faire day.

*Enter Bull. Yorke, North.*

*Bull.* So that by this intelligence we learne,  
 The Welchmen are dispearst, and Salisbury  
 Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed  
 With some few priuate friends, vpon this coast.

*North.* The newes is very faire and good, my Lord:  
*Richard* not farre from hence hath hid his head.

*Yorke.* It would beseeime the Lord Northumberland,  
 To say, King *Richard*; alacke the heauie day,  
 When such a sacred King, should hide his head.

*North.* Your Grace mistakes; onely to be brieft,  
 Left I his title out.

*Yor.* The time hath bin, should you haue bin so brieft with  
 He would haue bin so brieft to shorten you, (him,  
 For taking so the head, your whole deads length.

*Bull.* Mistake not (Vnckle) further then you should.

*Yorke.* Take not (good Cousin) further then you should,  
 Least you mistake the heauens are ouer your heads.

*Bull.* I know it Vnckle, and oppose not my selfe  
 Against their willes. But, who comes heere? *Enter Perce.*  
 Welcome *Harry*: What, will not this Castle yeeld?

*H. Percie.* The Castle is royally mand my Lord.  
 Against thy entrance.

F 3

*Bull.*

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†

*The Tragedie of*

*Bull.* Royally, why it contains no King.

*H. Per.* Yes (my good Lord)

It doth containe a King, King Richard lies  
Within the limits of yon lime and stone,  
And with him the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisburie,  
Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a Cleargie man  
Of holy reverence, who I cannot learne.

*North.* Oh belike it is the Bishop of Carleill:

*Bull.* Noble Lords,

Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Castle,  
Through brazen Trumpet send the breath of parlee  
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.

*H. Bull.* on both his knees, doth kisse king Richards hand.

And sends alleageance and true sayth of heart  
To his royall person: hither come

Euen at his feete, to lay my armes and power:

Prouided, that my banishment repeald,

And lands restored againe be freely graunted;

If not, Ile vse the advantage of my power,

And lay the summers dust with showres of blood,

Rainde from the woundes of slaughtered Englishmen?

The which, how far off from the minde of Bullingbrooke

It is, such crimson tempest should be drench

The fresh greene lap of faire King Richards land,

My stooping duetic tenderly shall shew.

Go signifie as much, while heere we march

Vpon the grassie carpet of this plaine;

Lets march without the noyse of threatning drumme,

That from this Castles tattered battlements,

Our faire appoyntments may be well perusde.

Me thinkes King Richard and my selfe should meete

With no lesse terrour then the Elements

Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake,

At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of heauen.

Be he the Fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;

The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne

My Water's on the earth, and not on him:

March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

*The*

## King Richard the Second.

*The Trumpet sound, Richard appeareth on the walles.*

*Bul.* See see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare,  
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne  
From out the fiery portall of the East,  
When he perceiues the enuious cloudes are bent  
To dimme his glory, and to staine the tracke  
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

*Yorke.* Yet lookes he like a King, behold his eye,  
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens forth  
Controlling Maiestie; alacke for woe,  
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.

*King.* We are amazd, and thus long haue we stood,  
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,  
Because we thought our selfe the lawfull King:  
And if we be, how dare thy ioyns forget  
To pay their awefull dutie to our presence?  
If we be not, shew vs the hand of God  
That hath dismiss vs from our Stewardship:  
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone,  
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,  
Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe:  
And though you thinke that all as you haue done,  
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,  
And we are barren and bereft of friendes:  
Yet know, my Maister GOD omnipotent,  
Is mustering in his cloudes on our behalfe,  
Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike  
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,  
That lift your vassaile handes against my head,  
And threat the glory of my precious Crowne.  
Tell Bullingbrooke (for you mee thinke he stands)  
That euery stride he makes vpon my land,  
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open  
The purple testament of bleeding Warre:  
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,  
Ten thousand bloody crownes of mothers sonnes,  
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,  
Change the complexion of her Mayd-pale peace,

To

*The Tragedie of*

To scarlet indignation and bedew

Her pastors grasse with faythfull English blood.

*North.* The King of heauen forbid, our Lord the King

Should so with ciuill and vnciuill armes

Be rusht vpon. Thy thrise noble Coosin,

Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kisse thy hand,

And by the honourable Tombche sweares,

That stands vpon your royall Grandfires bones,

And by the royalties of both your bloods

Currents that spring from one most gracious head,

And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,

And by the worth and honour of himselfe,

Comprising all that may be sworne or said,

His coming hither hath no further scope,

Then for his liniall royalties, and to begge

Infranchisement immediate on his knees,

Which on thy royall partie graunted once,

His glittering Armes he will commend to rust,

His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart

To faythfull seruice of your Maiestie.

This sweares he, as he is a Prince iust:

And as I am a Gentlem, I credit him.

*King.* Northumberland, say thus: the King returnes,

His noble Coosin is right welcome hither,

And all the number of his faire demaundes

Shall be accomplisht without contradiction,

With all the gracious vtterance thou hast;

Speake to his gentle hearing kind commendes:

We do debase our selues (Coosin) do we not?

To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?

Shall we call backe Northumberland, and send

Defiance to the traitour, and so die?

*Ann.* No good my Lord, lets fight with gentle wordes,

Till time lend friends, and friendes their helpfull swords.

*King.* Oh God, oh God that ere this tongue of mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment

On von proud man should take it off againe,

With words of sooth! Oh that I were as great,

As



As is my griefe, or lesser then my name !  
 Or that I could forget what I haue been !  
 Or not remember what I must be now !  
 Swell'st thou (proud heart,) Ile giue thee scope to beat,  
 Since foes haue scope to beat both thee and mee.

*Aum.* Northumberland comes backe frō Bullingbrooke.

*King.* What must the King do now? must he submit?

The King shall do it : Must he be deposide?

The King shall be contented : Must he loose

The name of a King? a Gods name let it goe :

Ile giue my jewels for a set of Beades :

My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage :

My gay Apparell, for an Almes-mans Gowne :

My figured Goblets, for a dish of Wood :

My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe :

My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints :

And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,

A little little Graue, an obscure Graue;

Or, Ile be buried in the Kings hie way,

Some way of common trade, where subiectes feete

May hourly trample on their Soueraignes head;

For on my heart they tread now whilst I liue :

And buried once, why not vpon my head?

*Aumerle,* thou weepest (my tender-hearted Cousin)

Weele make foule weather with despised teares;

Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the summer corne,

And make a dearth in this reuolting land :

Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,

And make some pretty match with shedding teares,

And thus to drop them still vpon one place,

Till they haue fretted vs a paire of Graues

Within the earth : and therein layde ; their lies

Two kinsemen digd their Graues with weeping eyes?

Would not this ill doe well? well well I see,

Italke but idly, and you laugh at mee.

Most mighty Prince, my Lord Northumberland,

What sayes King Bullingbrooke, will his Maiestie

Giue Richard leaue to liue till Richard die?

G

You

*The Tragedie of*

**You make a legge, and Bullingbrooke sayes I.**

*North.* My Lord, in the base court he doth attend,  
To speake with you: may it please you to come downe.

*King.* Downe, downe I come, like glistering *Phaeton*,  
Wanting the manage of vnruely Iades.

In the base court, base court where Kings grow base,  
To come at traytors calles, and do them grace.

In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King,  
For night-owles shreeke where mounting larks should sing.

*Bull.* What sayes his Maiestie?

*North.* Sorrow and grieve of heart,  
Makes him speake fondly like a franticke man:  
Yet he is come.

*Bull.* Stand all apart,  
And shew faire duety to his Maiestie: *He kneeles downe.*  
My gracious Lord.

*King.* Faire Coosin, you debase your princely knee,  
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:  
Mee rather had my heart might feele your loue,  
Then my vnpleased eye see your curtesie:  
Vp Coosin vp, your heart is vp I know,  
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

*Bull.* My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

*King.* Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all,

*Bull.* So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,  
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.

*King.* Well yor deserue: they well deserue to haue,  
That know the strong'st and surest way to get:  
Vnckle, giue me your hands; nay dry your eyes,  
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.

Coosin, I am too young to be your Father,  
Though you are old enough to be Heyre;  
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing too:  
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe:  
Set on towards London, Coosin is it so?

*Bull.* Yeamy good Lord.

*King.* Then I must not say no.

*Exeunt.*  
*Enter*

*Richard the Second.**Enter the Queene with her attendants.*

*Que.* What sport shall we deuise here in this garden,  
To driue away the heauie thought of care?

*Lady.* Madam wee le play at bowles.

*Quee.* T will make me thinke the world is full of rubs,  
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

*Lady.* Madam wee le daunce.

*Quee.* My legs can keepe no measure in delight,  
When my poore heart no measure keepes in grieve :  
Therefore no dauncing girle, some other sport.

*Lady.* Madam wee le tell tales,

*Quee.* Of sorrow or of grieve?

*Lady.* Of either Madame.

*Quee.* Of neither girle,  
For if of ioy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow :  
Or if of grieve, being altogether had,  
It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy :  
For what I haue I neede not to repeate,  
And what I want it bootes not to complaine.

*Lady.* Madam ile sing.

*Quee.* Tis well that thou hast cause,  
But thou shoudst please me better wouldst thou weepe.

*Lady.* I could weepe Madame, would it do you good.

*Quee.* And I could sing would weeping do me good.  
And neuer borrow any teare of thee.  
But stay, here commeth the Gardiners,  
Lets step into the shadow of these trees,  
My wretchednesse vnto a row of pines.  
They will talke of state, for euerie one doth so,  
Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe.

*Enter Gardiners.*

*Gard.* Goe bind thou vp yon dangling Apricockes,  
Which like vnruely children make their fire  
Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight :  
Giue some suppourtance to the bending twigs,  
Go thou, and like an executioner

*The Tragedie of*

Cutoff the heads of two fast growing sprays,  
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth :  
All must be euen in our gouernement.

You thus imployde, I will goe roote away  
The noysome Weedes that without profit sucke  
The soyles fertilitie from holsome Flowers.

*Man.* Why should we in the compasse of a Pale,  
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,  
Shewing in a modell our firme estate,  
When our sea-walled Garden, the whole Land  
Is full of Weedes; her fairest Flowers choakt vp,  
Her fruit trees all vnprund her hedges ruinde,  
Her Knots disordered, and her holesome Hearbes  
Swarming with Caterpillers.

*Gard.* Hold thy peace,  
He that hath suffered this disordered Spring,  
Hath now himselfe met with the fall of Lease:  
The Weedes that his broad spreading Leaues did shelter,  
That seemde in eating him, to hold him vp,  
Are puld vp, roote and all, by Bullingbrooke :  
I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie, Greene.

*Man.* What, are they dead?

*Gard.* They are,  
And Bullingbrooke hath seizd the wastfull King.  
Oh what pittie it is, that he had not so trimde  
And drest his Land; as we this Garden, at time of yeere  
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,  
Least being ouer-proud with sappe and blood,  
With too much riches it confound it selfe.  
Had he done so, to great and growing men,  
They might haue liude to beare, and he to taste  
Their fruites of duetie : superfluous branches  
Weloppe away, that bearing boughes may liue :  
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,  
Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.

*Man.* What, thinke you the King shall be deposed?

*Gard.* Deprest he is already, and depolde

T<sup>'is</sup>

*King Richard the Second.*

T'is doubt he will be. Letters came last night  
To a deare friend of the Duke of Yorks,  
That tell blacke tidings.

*Queen.* Oh! I am prest to death through want of speaking  
Thou old *Adams* likenesse set to dresse this Garden,  
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this vnpleasing  
What *Eue*? what *Serpent* hath suggested thee, (newes;  
To make a second fall of curst man?

Why dost thou say King *Richard* is deposde?  
Darst thou, thou little better thing then earth  
Diuine his downefall? Say, where, when, and how  
Camst thou by this ill tidings? speake thou wretch?

*Gard.* Pardon me Madam, litle ioy haue I  
To breathe these newes, yet what I say is true:  
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold  
Of *Bullingbrooke*: their fortunes both are weyde.  
In your Lo. scale, is nothing but himselfe,  
And some few vanities that make him light:  
But in the ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,  
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,  
And with that oddes, he weiges King *Richard* downe.  
Post you to London, and you will finde it so;  
I speake no more then euey one doth know.

*Queene.* Nimble Mischaunce, that art so light of foote,  
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,  
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou thinkest  
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe  
Thy sorrow in my breast: come Ladies, goe  
To meete at London Londons King in woe.  
What, was I borne to this, that my sadd looke,  
Should grace the triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*?  
*Gardner*, for telling me these newes of woe,  
Pray God the Plants thou grafftst may neuer grow. *Exit.*

*Gard.* Poore Queene, so that thy state might be no worfe  
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:  
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place,  
He set a bancke of Rew sowe Heerb-of-grace:

*The Tragedie of*

Rew, euen for Ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,  
In remembrance of a weeping Queene,

*Exeunt.**Enter Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, and others.**Bull.* Call forth Bagot.*Enter Bagot.*

Now Bagot, freely speake thy minde,  
What thou dost know of noble Glocesters death,  
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde  
The bloodie office of his timelesse end.

*Bagot.* Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.*Bull.* Coofin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.

*Bagot.* My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue  
Scornes to vn say what once it hath deliuered :

In that dead time when Glocesters death was plotted,

I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,

That reacheth from the restfull English court

As farre as Calliceto mine Vnckles head?

Amongst much other talke, that very time,

I heard you say, that you had rather refuse

The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,

Then Bullingbrookes returne to England, adding withall,

How blest this land would be in this your Coofins death.

*Aum.* Princes, and noble Lords,

What answere shall I make to this base man?

Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres,

On equall termes to giue him chastisement?

Either I must, or haue mine Honour soyld

With the attainder of his slaunderous lips :

There is my gage, the manuall seale of death,

That markes thee out for Hell ; thou liest,

And will maintaine what thou hast sayd, is false,

In thy heart blood, though being all too base

To staine the temper of my knightly Sword.

*Bull.* Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.

*Aum.* Excepting one, I would he were the best  
In all this prefence, that hath mooud me so.

*Fitz.* If that thy valoure stand on simpatie,

There is my gage Aumerle, in gage to thine;

By

By that faire Sunne that shewes me where thou standst,  
 I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakst it,  
 That thou wert cause of noble Glocesters death:  
 If thou deniest it twentie times, thoulyest,  
 And I will turne thy falshood to thy heart,  
 Where it was forged, with my Rapiers poynt.

*Aum.* Thou darst not (coward) liue I to see the day.

*Fitz.* Now by my soule, I would it were this houre.

*Aum.* Fitzwaters, thou art damnd to hell for this.

*L. Per.* Aumerle, thou liest, his honour is as true,

In this appeale, as thou art all vniust,  
 And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,  
 To proue it on thee to the extreamest poynt  
 Of mortall breathing, seize it if thou darst.

*Aum.* And if I do not, may my hands rot off,  
 And neuer brandish more reuengefull steele  
 Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.

*Another L.* I take the earth to the like (for sworne *Aumerle*),  
 And spur thee on with full as many lies,  
 As it may be hollowed in thy trecherous eare  
 From sinne to sinne: there is my honors pawne,  
 Ingage it to the tryall if thou darst.

*Aum.* Who sets me else? by heauen Ile throw at all,  
 I haue a thousand spirits in one breast,  
 To answer twentie thousand such as you.

*Sur.* My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well  
 The verie time Aumerle and you did talke.

*Fitz.* Tis very true, you were in presence then,  
 And you can witnesse with me this is true.

*Sur.* As false by heauen, as heauen it selfe is true.

*Fitz.* Suerrie thou liest.

(sword,

*Sur.* Dishonourable boy, that ly shall ly so heauie on my  
 That it shall render vengeance and reuenge,  
 Till thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie,  
 In earth as quiet as thy fathers scull.  
 In prooffe whereof there is my honors pawne,  
 Ingage it to the tryall if thou darst.

*Fitz.*

*The Tragedie of*

*Fitz.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse,  
 If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe or liue,  
 I dare meete Surry in a Wildernesse,  
 And spit vpon him whilst I say, helyes,  
 And lyes, and lyes : there is my bond of sayth,  
 To tie thee to my strong correction :  
 As I intend to thriue in this new world,  
*Aumerle* is guiltie of my true appeale.  
 Besides, I heard the banished *Norffolke* say:  
 That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men  
 To execute the noble Duke of *Calice*.

*Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,  
 That *Norfolke* lyes, heere do I throw downe this,  
 If he may be repeald to try his honour?

*Bull.* These differences shall all rest vnder gage,  
 Till *Norffolke* be repeald, repeald he shall be,  
 And though mine enemy, restor'd againe  
 To all his lands and signories : when he is return'd,  
 Against *Aumerle* we will inforce his tryall.

*Carl.* That honorable day shall neuer be seene :  
 Many a time hath banisht *Norffolke* fought  
 For Iesus Christ, in glorious Christian field,  
 Streaming the Ensigne of the christian Crosse,  
 Against blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens,  
 And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retir'd himselfe  
 To Italy, and there at Venice gaue  
 His body to a pleasant countries earth,  
 And his pure soule vnto his captaine Christ,  
 Vnder whose colours he had fought so long.

*Bul.* Why Bishop, is *Norffolke* dead?

*Carl.* As sure as I liue, my Lord.

*Bul.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet soule to the bosome  
 Of good old Abraham : Lords appeallants,  
 Your differences shall all rest vnder gage,  
 Till we assigne you to your dayes of tryall.

*Enter Torke.*

*Torke.* Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee,

From



Sc.xiii.

*King Richard the Second.*

IV.i.

From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing soule  
 Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeldes.  
 To the possession of thy royall hand :  
 Ascend his Trone, descending now from him,  
 And long liue *Henrie*, fourth of that name.

*Bull.* In Gods name, Ile ascend the Regall throne.

*Carl.* Mary God forbid.

Worst in this royall presence I may speake :  
 Yet best beseeming me to speake the truth :  
 Would God any in this noble presence,  
 Were enough noble to be vpriht Iudge  
 Of noble *Richard* : Then true noblenesse would  
 Learne him forbearance from so foule a wrong.  
 What subiect can giue sentence on his King?  
 And who sits not here that is not *Richards* subiect?  
 Theeues are not iudged, but they are by to heare,  
 Although apparant guilt be scene in them :  
 And shall the figure of Gods Maiestie,  
 His Captaine, steward, deputy, elect,  
 Anointed, crowned, planted many yeeres,  
 Be iudg'd by subiect and inferior breath,  
 And he himselve not present? Oh forfend it God,  
 That in a Christian Climate soules refinde  
 Should shew so hainous blacke obscene a deed.  
 I speake to subiects, and a subiect speaks,  
 Stird vp by God thus boldly for his King.  
 My Lord of Hereford here whom you call King,  
 Is a foule traitour to proud Herefords King,  
 And if you crowne him, let me prophesie,  
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
 And future ages groane for his foule act,  
 Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and Infidels,  
 And in this seate of peace, tumultuous wars  
 Shall kin with kin, and kinde with kinde confound :  
 Disorder, horror, feare and mutiny,  
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be cald,  
 The field of Golgotha and dead mens skuls,

H

Oh

## IV.i.

*The Tragedie of*

## Sc.xiii.

Oh if you rayse this house against his house,  
It will the wofullest diuision proue,  
That euer fell vpon this cursed earth :  
Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,  
Least child, childes children crie against you woe.

*North.* Well haue you argued fir, and for your paynes,  
Of Capitall treason, we arrest you here :  
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,  
To keepe him safely till his day of triall.  
May it please you Lords, to graunt the common suite,  
Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view  
He may surrender, so we shall proceed without suspition.

*Yorke.* I will be his conduct.

*Bull.* Lords, you that are heere, are vnder our arest,  
Procure your Sureties for your dayes of answer;  
Litle are we beholding to your loue,  
And litle looke for at your helping hands.

*Enter king Richard.*

*Rich.* Alacke why am I sent for to a King,  
Before I haue shooke off the regall thoughts  
Wherewith I raignd; I hardly yet haue learnt  
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbes?  
Giue Sorrow leaue a while to tutor me to this submission:  
Yet I well remember the fauours of these men,  
Were they not mine? did they not sometimes cry all hayle  
To me? so *Judas* did to *Christ*; but he in twelue,  
Found trueth in all but one; I in twelue thousand none :  
God saue the King, will no man say Amen:  
Am I both Priest and Clarke; well then, Amen,  
God saue the King, although I be not hee,  
And yet Amen, if heauen do thinke him mee :  
To doe what seruice am I sent for hither?

*Yorke.* To doe that office of thine owne good will,  
Which tired maiestie did make thee offer;  
The resignation of thy State and Crowne  
To *Harry Bulingbrooke*.

*Rich.* Seafe the Crowne.

Heere

Lines 184-†  
319 are not in Q.1.

Sc.iii.

*King Richard the Second.*

IVi

180{

Heere Coosin, on this side my hand, and on that side yours:

} 182, 183.†  
184,

Now is this golden Crowne like a deepe Well,

184

That owes two Buckets filling one an other,

The emptier euer dauncing in the ayre,  
The other downe vnseene, and full of Water :

That Bucket downe, and full of teares, am I,

188

Drinking my griefe, whilst you mount vp on high.

188

*Bull.* I thought you had been willing to resigne?

†

*Rich.* My Crowne I am, but still my Griefes are mine:

You may my Glories and my State depose,

192

But not my Griefes, still am I King of those.

192

*Bul.* Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.

*Rich.* Your cares set vp, do not plucke my cares downe:

196

My care is losse of care, by old care don,

196

Your care is gaine of care by new care won:

The cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,

They tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay.

*Bull.* Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?

200

*Rich.* I, no no I; for, I must nothing bee,

200

Therefore no no, for I resigne to thee.

†

Now marke me how I will vndoe my selfe:

I giue this heauie waight from off my head,

204

And this vnweildie Scepter from my hand,

204

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart :

With mine owne teares I wash away my balme,

With mine owne hands I giue away my Crowne,

208

With mine owne tongue deny my sacred state,

208

With mine owne breath release all duties rites,

All pompe and maiestie I do forswear,

My Manners, Rentes, Reuenues I forgoe,

212

My Actes, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:

212 †

God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,

God keepe all Vowes vnbroke that sweare to thee:

216

Make me that nothing haue, with nothing griued,

†

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atcheid:

216

Long mayst thou liue in *Richards* seat to sit,

And soone lie *Richard* in an earthy pit:

H 2

God

*The Tragedie of*

God saue King *Harry*, vnkingd *Richard* sayes,  
And send him many yeeres of Sun-shine dayes.  
Whatmore remaines?

*North.* No more, but that you read  
These accusations, and these greuous crimes,  
Committed by your person, and your followers,  
Against the State and profit of this Land;  
That by confesing them, the soules of men  
May deeme that you are worthily deposde.

*Rich.* Must I doe so? and must I rauell out  
My weaud vp Folly, gentle *Northumberland*?  
If thy offences were vpon record,  
Would it not shame thee in so faire a troope,  
To read a lecture of them, if thou wouldst,  
There shouldst thou finde one haynous article,  
Contayning the deposing of a King,  
And cracking the strong warrant of an Oath,  
Markt with a blot, damd in the booke of heauen:  
Nay of you that stand and looke vpon,  
Whilst that my wretchednesse doth bate my selfe;  
Though some of you (with *Pilat*) wash your hands,  
Shewing an outward pittie, yet you *Pilates*,  
Haue heere deliuer me to my sowre Crosse,  
And water can not wash away your sinne.

*North.* My Lord dispatch, read ore these Articles.

*Rich.* Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot see;  
And yet salt water blindes them not so much,  
But they can see a sort of Traytors heere:  
Nay, if I turne mine eyes vpon my selfe,  
I find my selfe a Traytor with the rest;  
For I haue giuen heere my soules consent  
To vndecke the pompous body of a King;  
Made Glory bace, and Soueraigntie a slaue;  
Proud Maiestie a subiect, State a peasant.

*North.* My Lord.

*Rich.* No Lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,  
Nor no mans Lord; I haue no name, no title,

No

*King Richard the Second.*

No not that name was giuen me at the Font,  
 But tis vsurpt; alacke the heauie day  
 That I haue worne so many Winters out,  
 And know not now, what name to call my selfe.  
 O that I were a mockerie King of Snow,  
 Standing before the sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,  
 To melt my selfe away in water drops.  
 Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good:  
 And if my name be starling, yet in Englang  
 Let it commaund a mirour hether strayte  
 That it may shew me what a face I haue,  
 Since it is banckrout of his Maiestie.

*Bull.* Goe some of you and fetch a Looking-glasse.

*North.* Read ore this paper while the Glasse doth come.

*Rich.* Feind, thou torments me ere I come to Hell.

*Bull.* Vrge it no more my Lord Northumberland.

*North.* The Commons will not then be satisfied,

*Rich.* They shall be satisfied, Ile read enough,

When I do see the very Booke indeed,  
 Where all my finnes are writ, and that's my selfe.  
 Giue me the Glasse: no deeper wrinckles yet?  
 Hath Sorrow stroke so many blowes vpon this  
 Face of mine, and made no deeper woundes?  
 Oh flattering Glasse, like to my followers in prosperitie!  
 Was this the face that euery day vnder his  
 Houshold rooffe did keepe ten thousand men?  
 Was this the face that faast so many follies,  
 And was at last outfaast by *Bullingbrooke*?

A brittle Glorie shineth in this face,

As brittle as the Glorie is the face,

For there it is crackt in a hundred shiuers:

Marke silent King the morall of this sport,

How soone my sorrow hath destroyde my face.

*Bull.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyd  
 The shadow of your face.

*Rich.* Say that againe: the shadow of my sorrow;  
 Ha lets see: tis very true, my grieve

256

260†

264†

†

268

272

&lt;

276, 277† &lt;

277, 278.

278, 279.

279, 280 &lt;

281, 282.

282, 283.

285, &lt;†

†

288.

†

290.

292.

## IV.1.

*The Tragedie of*

## Sceniii.

Lies all within, and these externall manners  
 Of laments are merely shadowes to the vnscene,  
 Griefe that swelles with silence in the tortured soule:  
 And I thanke thee King that not onely giuest  
 Me cause to wayle, but teachest me the way  
 How to lament the cause: Ile begge one boone,  
 And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

*Bull.* Name it faire Coosin.

*Rich.* Faire Coose, why: I am greater then a King:  
 For when I was a king, my flatterers were then but subiects,  
 Being now a subiect, I haue a King heere  
 To my flatterer; being so great, I haue no need to beg.

*Bul.* Yet aske.

*Rich.* And shall I haue it.

*Bul.* You shall.

*Rich.* Why then giue me leaue to goe.

*Bull.* Whither?

*Rich.* Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

*Bull.* Goe some of you conuey him to the Tower.

*Rich.* O good conuey, conueyers are you all,  
 That rise thus nimble by a true Kings fall.

*Bull.* On Wednesday next we solemnly set downe  
 Our Coronation; Lords prepare your selues.

*Exeunt. Manes West. Charlesll, Aumerle.*

*Abbot.* A wofull Pageant haue we heere beheld.

*Carl.* The woe's to come; the children yet vnborne,  
 Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.

*Aum.* You holy Clergie men, is there no plot,  
 To rid the Realme of this pernitious blot?

*Abbot.* Before I freely speake my minde herein,  
 You shall not onely take the Sacrament,  
 To bury mine intentes, but also to effect,  
 What euer I shall happen to deuise:  
 I see your browes are full of discontent,  
 Your heart of sorrow, and your eyes of teares;  
 Come home with me to supper, Ile lay a plot,  
 Shall shew vs all a merry day.

*Exeunt.  
 Enter*

*King Richard the Second.**Enter Queene, with her attendants.*

*Queene.* This way the King will come, this is the way  
 To *Iulius Casars* ill erected Tower,  
 To whose flint bosome my condemned Lord  
 Is doomde a prisoner by proud *Bullingbrooke*.  
 Heere let vs rest, if this rebellious earth  
 Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene.

*Enter Richard.*

But soft, but see, or rather, do not see,  
 My faire Rose wither : yet looke vp, behold,  
 That you in pittie may dissolue to deaw,  
 And wash him fresh againe with true loue teares.  
 Ah thou the modell vvhether old *Troy* did stand !  
 Thou mappe of Honour, thou King *Richards* toombe,  
 And not King *Richard* : thou most beauteous Inne,  
 Why should hard fauourd griefe be lodged in thee,  
 When triumph is become an Alehouse guest?

*Rich.* Ioyne not with griefe, faire woman, do not so,  
 To make my end too sudden, learne good soule,  
 To thinke our former state a happy dreame,  
 From which awakt, the trueth of what we are,  
 Shewes vs but this : I am sworne (brother sweete)  
 To grimme Necessitie, and he and I  
 Will keepe a league till death. Hie thee to *France*,  
 And cloyster thee in some religious house :  
 Our holy liues must winne a new worlds Crowne,  
 Which our praphane houres heere, haue throwne downe.

*Queene.* What is my *Richard* both in shape and minde,  
 Transformd and weakned : hath *Bullingbrooke*  
 Deposide thine intellect : hath he been in thy heart?  
 The Lyon dying thrusteth forth his paw,  
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage,  
 To be o'repowerd, and wilt thou Pupil-like  
 Take thy correction, mildely kisse the rodde,  
 And fawne on Rage with bace humilitie,  
 Which art a Lion and a King of beastes.

*King.* A King of Beastes indeed, if aught but beast,

*The Tragedie of*

I had been still a happy King of men.  
 Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for *FRANCE*,  
 Thinke I am dead, and that euen heere thou takest  
 As from my death-bed my last liuing leaue.  
 In Winters tedious nights sit by the fire  
 With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales  
 Of woefull ages long agoe betide,  
 And ere thou bid good night, to quite their grieffe,  
 Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,  
 And sende the hearers weeping to their beds :  
 For why, the sencelesse brands will simpaty  
 The heauie accent of thy mouing tongue,  
 And in compassion weepe the fire out;  
 And some will mourne in ashes, some cole blacke,  
 For the deposing of a rightfull King.

*Enter Northumberland.*

*North.* My Lord, the minde of *Bullingbrooke* is change,  
 You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.  
 And Madam, there is order tane for you,  
 With all swift speed you must away to France.

*King.* *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithall  
 The mounting *Bullingbrooke* ascendes my throne,  
 The time shall not be many houres of age  
 More then it is, ere foule sinne gathering head,  
 Shall breake into corruption, thou shalt thinke,  
 Though he deuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,  
 It is too little, helping him to all :

He shall thinke, that thou which knowst the way  
 To plant vnrightfull Kinges, vwill knovv againe,  
 Being nere so litle vrgd another vvay,  
 To plucke him headlong from the vsurped throne.  
 The loue of vvicked men conuerts to feare,  
 That feare, to hate; and hate turnes one or both  
 To vvorthy danger and deserued death.

*North.* My guilt beon my head, and there an end!  
 Take leaue and part, for you must part foorthwith.

*King.* Doubly diuorc't, (badde men) you violate



*Richard the Second.*

72

A twofold marriage, betwixt my Crowne and me,  
And then betwixt me, and my married wife.

72†

Let me vnkisse the oath betwixt thee and me :

‡

And yet not so, for with a kisse 'twas made,

76

Part vs *Northumberland*, I towards the North,

76

Where sheeuering cold and sicknesse pines the clime:

My Wife to France, from whence set forth in pompe,

She came adorned hither, like sweete May,

80

Sent backe like Hollowmas, or shortst of day.

80

*Queen.* And must we be deuided? must we part?

*King.* I, hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart.

*Queene.* Banish vs both, and send the King with me.

84

*King.* That were some loue, but litle policie.

84

*Queen.* Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

*King.* So two together weeping, make onc woe,

88

Weepe for me in France, I for thee heere,

‡

Better farre off then neere be neare the neere:

88†

Goe count thy way with sighes, Imine with groanes.

*Queene.* So longest way shall haue the longest moanes.

*King.* Twise for one step Ile grone, the way being short,

92

And peece the way out with a heauie heart.

92

Come, come, in wooing sorrow lets be brieft,

Since wedding it, there is such length in grieve:

One kisse shall stoppe our mouthes, and doubly part,

96

Thus giue Imine, and thus take I thy heart:

‡

96

*Queene.* Giue me my owne againe, twere no good part,

‡

To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.

So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,

100

That I may striue to kill it with a groane.

100

*King.* We make Woe wanton with this fond delay,

102

Once more adew, the rest let sorrow say.

*Exeunt.*

102

*Enter Duke of Yorke and the Dutchesse.*

*Duc.* My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,

When weeping made you breake the story

‡

Of our two Coosins comming into London.

4

*Yorke.* Where did I leaue?

4

*Duc.* At that sad stop my Lord,

I

Where

*The Tragedie of*

Where rude misgouvernd hands from windowes tops,  
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head.

*Torke.* Then (as I sayd) the Duke great Bullingbrooke,  
Mounted vpon a hote and fierie steede,  
Which his aspiring rider seemde to know,  
With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,  
While all tongues cride, God saue the *Bullingbrooke*,  
You would haue thought the very Windowes spake:

So many greedy lookes of young and old,  
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes  
Vpon his visage, and that all the Walles,  
With painted imagery had sayd at once,  
Iesu preferre the welcome Bullingbrooke,  
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning  
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke  
Bespake them thus, I thanke you Countrymen:  
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

*Dut.* Alacke poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst?

*Torke.* As in a Theater the eyes of men,  
After a well graced Actor leaues the Stage  
Are idely bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:

Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eyes  
Did scoule on gentle *Richard*, no man cried, God saue him:  
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,  
But Dust was throwne vpon his sacred head;

Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,  
His face still combating with teares and smiles,  
The badges of his griefe and patience;  
That had not God for some strong purpose steeld  
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,  
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him:

But Heauen hath a hand in these euentes,  
To whose high will we bound our calme contentes,  
To Bullingbrooke are we sworne subiect now,  
Whose state and honour I for ay allow.

*Dut.* Heere comes my sonne Aumerle. *(Enter Aum. Torke.)*

*Torke.* Aumerle that was,  
But that is lost, for being Richards friend :  
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now :  
I am in Parliament pledge for his trueth  
And lasting fealtie to the new made King.

*Dut.* Welcome my sonne, who art the Violets now,  
That strew the greene lappe of the new-come spring.

*Aum.* Madam I know not, nor I greatly care nor.  
God knowes I had as lief be none as one.

*Torke.* Well, beare you well in this new spring of time,  
Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.  
What newes from Oxford? do these iusts & triumphs hold?

*Aum.* For aught I know (my Lord) they do.

*Torke.* You will be there I know.

*Aum.* If God preuent not I purpose so.

*Torke.* What scale is that that hangs without thy bosome?  
Yea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writing.

*Aum.* My Lord, tis nothing.

*Torke.* No matter then who see it,  
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,  
It is a matter of small consequence,  
Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.

*Torke.* Which for some reasons (sir) I meane to see.  
I feare, I feare.

*Dut.* What should you feare?  
Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into  
For gay apparrell against the triumph.

*Torke.* Bound to himselfe, what doth he with a Bond  
That he is bound to : Wife, thou art a foole;  
Boy, let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

*Torke.* I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say :

*He plucks it out of his bosome, and reads it.*

Treason, foule treason : villaine, traytor, flau.

*Dut.* What is the matter, my Lord?

*Torke.* Ho, who is within there? saddle my Horse:

*The Tragedie of*

God for his mercy ! what trechery is here?

*Du.* Why, what is it my Lord?

*Torke.* Giue me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,  
Now by mine honour, my life, my troth,  
I will appeach the villaine.

*Du.* What is the matter?

*Torke.* Peace foolish woman.

*Du.* I will not peace, what is the matter Aumerle?

*Aum.* Good mother be content, it is no more  
Then my poore life must answere.

*Du.* Thy life answere?

*Torke.* Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.

*His Man enters with his Bootes.*

*Du.* Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazd,  
Hence villaine, neuer more come in my sight.

*Torke.* Giue me my bootes I say.

*Du.* Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?

Wilt not thou hide the trespassse of thine owne?

Haue we more sonnes? or are we like to haue?

Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?

And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age,

And robbe mee of a happie mothers name?

Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?

*Torke.* Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?

A doozen of them heere, haue tane the sacrament,

And interchangeably set downe their hands,

To kill the King at Oxford.

*Du.* He shall be none, weele keepe him heere,  
Then what is that to him?

*Tor.* A way fond woman, were he twentie times my sonne,  
I would appeach him.

*Du.* Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,  
Thou wouldst be more pittifull:

But now I know thy minde, thou dost suspect

That I haue beene disloyall to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:

Sweete

Sc. xv.

*King Richard the Second.*

Vii.

Sweete Yorke, sweete husband be not of that minde,  
He is as lik thee as a man may be,  
Not like me or any of my kinne,  
And yet I loue him.

*Yorke.* Make way vnruely woman.

*Exit.*

*Du.* After Aumerle : mount thee vpon his horse,  
Spur, post, and get before him to the King,  
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee,  
He not be long behind, though I be old,  
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke,  
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,  
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardoned thee, away, be gone.

*Enter the King with his Nobles.*

*King H.* Can no man tell me of my vnthrifitie sonne?  
Tis full threemonths since I did see him last;  
If any plague hang ouer vs, tis hee;  
I would to God my Lords, he might be found :  
Inquire at London, mongst the Tauerne there,  
For there they say, he daily doth frequent,  
With vnrestrained loose companions;  
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,  
And beat our watch, and robbe our passengers,  
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,  
Takes on the point of honor to support so dissolute a crew.

*H. Per.* My Lord, some two daies since I saw the Prince,  
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

*King.* And what said the gallant?

*Percie.* His answere was, he would to the stewes,  
And from the commonest creature plucke a gloue,  
And weare it as a fauour, and with that  
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.

*King H.* As dissolute as desperate, yet through both  
I see some sparkles of better hope, which elder yeares  
May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?

*Enter Aumerle amazed.*

*Aum.* Where is the King?

(so wildly?

*King H.* What meanes our coosin that he stares and looks -

I 3.

*Aum.*

108

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Viii.

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Sc. xvi.

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24.25.

*The Tragedie of*

*Aum.* God saue your Grace; I do besech your Maiestie,  
To haue some conference with your Grace alone.

*King.* Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs heere alone:  
What is the matter with our Cousin now?

*Aum.* For euer may my knees grow to the earth,  
My tongue cleaue to my roofo within my mouth,  
Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake.

*King.* Intended, or committed, was this fault?  
If on the first, how heynous ere it be,  
To winne thy after loue, I pardon thee.

*Aum.* Then giue me leaue that I may turne the key,  
That no man enter till my tale be done.

*King.* Haue thy desire.

*The Duke of Yorke knocks at the doore, and cryeth.*

*Yorke.* My liege beware, looke to thy selfe,  
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

*King.* Villaine, Ile make thee safe.

*Au.* Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause to feare.

*Yorke.* Open the doore, secure foole, hardy King,  
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?  
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

*King.* What is the matter vnle, speake, recouer breath,  
Tell vs, how neere is danger,  
That we may arme vs to encounter it.

*Yorke.* Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know,  
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

*Aum.* Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past,  
I doe repent me, reade not my name there,  
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

*Yorke.* It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe:  
I tore it from the traitors bosome (King)  
Feare, and not lone, begets his penitence:  
Forget to pittie him, lest thy pittie proue  
A serpent, that will sting thee to the heart;

*King.* O heynous, strong, and bolde conspiracy!  
O loyall father of a treacherous sonne!  
Thou sheere immaculate and siluer Fountaine,

From

From whence this streame through muddy passages  
 Hath hald his current, and defilde himselfe :  
 Thy ouerflow of good conuerstes to bad,  
 And thy aboundant goodnes shall excuse  
 This deadly blot in thy digressing sonne.

*Yorke.* So shall my Vertue, be his Vices bande,  
 And he shall spend mine honour, with his shame,  
 As thriftles Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold :  
 Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies,  
 Or my shame life in his dishonour lies :  
 Thou kilst me in his lifegiuing him breath,  
 The traytor liues, the true man's put to death.

*Dur.* What ho, my Liege for Gods sake let me in.

*King.* What shrill voyc'd suppliant makes this eger cry?

*Dur.* A Woman, and thy Aunt (great King) tis I,  
 Speake with me, pittie me, open the doore,  
 A Beggar begs, that neuer begd before.

*King.* Our scene is altdred from a serious thing,  
 And now changde to the Beggar and the King :  
 My dangerous Cousin, let your Mother in,  
 I know she is come to pray for your foule sinne.

*Yorke.* If thou do pardon whosoeuer pray,  
 More sinnes for this forgiuenes, prosper may :  
 This festred ioynt cut off, the rest rest sound,  
 This let alone, will all the rest confound.

*Dur.* Oh King, belecue not this hard-harted man :  
 Loue louing not it selfe, none other can.

*Yorke.* Thou frantike woman, what dost thou make here?  
 Shall thy old dugs once more a traytor reare?

*Dur.* Sweete Yorke be patient; heare me gentle Liege.

*King H.* Rise vp good Aunt.

*Dur.* Not yet I thee beseech,  
 For euer will I walke vpon my knees,  
 And neuer see day that the happy sees,  
 Till thou giue ioy; vntill thou bid me ioy,  
 By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

*Aunt.* Vnto my mothers prayers I bend my knee.

*Yorke.*

*The Tragedie of*

*Torke:* Against them both my true ioynts bended be,  
Ill mayst thou thrue if thou graunt any grace.

*Dut.* Pleades he in earnest? looke vpon his face:  
His eyes do drop no teares, his prayers are in iest,  
His wordes do come from his mouth, ours from our breast:  
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,  
We pray with heart and soule, and all beside:  
His weary ioynts vvould gladly rise I knowv,  
Our knees still kneele till to the ground they grow:  
His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,  
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie:  
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue  
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.

*King.* Good Aunt stand vp.

*Dut.* Nay, do not say, stand vp;  
Say pardon first, and afterwards stand vp,  
And if I were thy nurse thy tongue to teach,  
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach:  
I neuer longd to heare a word till now,  
Say pardon King, let pittie teach thee how:  
The word is short, but not so short as sweete;  
No word like Pardon for Kings mouthes so meete.

*Torke.* Speake it in French, King say, *Pardonne moy.*

*Dutch.* Dost thou teach pardon? pardon to destroy:  
Ah my sowe Husband, my hard hearted Lord!  
That sets the word it selfe against the word;  
Speake pardon as tis currant in our land,  
The chopping French we do not vnderstand:  
Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,  
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine eare,  
That hearing how our plaints and prayers doe pierce,  
Pittie may mooue thee pardon to rehearse.

*King H.* Good Aunt stand vp.

*Dutch.* I doe not sue to stand;  
Pardon is all the sute I haue in hand.

*King.* I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

*Dutch.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee.

Yet



Sc. xvi.

*King Richard the Second.*

Viii.

Yet am I sicke for feare, speake it againe;  
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,  
But makes one Pardon strong.

*King.* I pardon him with all my heart.

*Duc.* A God on earth thou art.

*King.* But for our trusty brother in law and the Abbot,  
With all the rest of that comforted crew,  
Destruction strait shall dog them at the heeles,  
Good vncle, helpe to order seuerall powers  
To Oxford, or where ere these traitours are,  
They shall not liue within this world I sweare,  
But I will haue them, if I once know where.  
Vncle farwell, and coosin adue,

Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.

*Duc.* Come my olde sonne, I pray God make thee new.

*Exeunt. Manet Sir Pierce Exton &c.*

*Exton.* Didst thou not marke the K. what works he spake?  
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?  
Was it not so?

*Man.* These were his very wordes.

*Exton.* Haue I no friend quoth he? he spake it twice,  
And vrgde it twice together, did he not?

*Man.* He did.

*Exton.* and speaking it, he wistly lookt on me,  
As who should say, I would thou wert the man,  
That would diuorce this terrour from my heart,  
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come, lets go,  
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Richard alone.*

*Rich.* I haue been studying how to compare  
This Prison where I liue, vnto the world:  
And for because the world is populous,  
And heere is not a creature but my selfe,  
I can not do it: yet lie hammer it out:  
My braine Ile prooue the female to my soule;  
My soule the father, and these two beget  
A generation of fil-breeding thoughts:

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And

Sc. xvii.

V.iiy.

Sc. xviii.

V.v.

*The Tragedie of*

And these same thoughts people this little world,  
 In humours like the people of this world :  
 For no thought is contented : the better sort,  
 As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt  
 With scruples, and do set the word it selfe  
 Against thy word, as thus: Come little ones, and then againe  
 It is as hard to come as for a Cammell  
 To threed the small posterne of a small needles eye :  
 Thoughts tending to ambition they doe plot  
 Vnlikely wonders : how these vaine weake nayles  
 May teare a passage thorow the flinty ribs  
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles:  
 And for they cannot die in their owne pride,  
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,  
 That they are not the first of Fortunes slaues,  
 Nor shall not be the last, like seely beggars;  
 Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame,  
 That many haue, and others must sit there.  
 And in this thought they finde a kind of ease,  
 Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe  
 Of such as haue before indur'd the like.  
 Thus play I in one Prison many people,  
 And none contented ; sometimes am I a King,  
 Then treasons make me with my selfe a Begger,  
 And so I am : then crushing Penurie  
 Perswades me I was better when a King;  
 Then am I a King againe, and by and by,  
 Thinke that I am vnkingde by *Bulling broke*,  
 And straite am nothing. But what ere I be,  
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,  
 With nothing shall be pleasde, till he be easde  
 With being nothing. Musicke do I heare; *Musicke playes*  
 Ha, ha, keepe time; how sowre sweete Musicke is  
 When Time is broke, and no proportion kept ;  
 So is it in the musicke of mens liues:  
 And heere haue I the daintinesse of eare  
 To checke Time broke in disorderd string :

But

*King Richard the Second.*

But for the concord of my state and time,  
 Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke:  
 I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me:  
 For now hath Time made his nunbring clocke,  
 My thoughts are minuts, and with sighes they iarre,  
 Their watches on vnto mine eyes the outward watch  
 Whereto my Finger like a Dials poynt,  
 Is poynting still, in cleansing them from teares.  
 Now sir, the found that tels what houre it is,  
 Are clamorous groanes, which strike vpon my heart,  
 Which is the Bell: so sighes, and Teares, and Groanes,  
 Shew Minutes, Times, and Houres: but my Time  
 Runnes posting on in *Bullingbrookes* prond ioy,  
 While I stand fooling heere his iacke of the Clocke:  
 This Musicke maddes me, let it sound no more,  
 For though it haue holpe madd men to their wits,  
 In me it seemes it will make wife men madd.  
 Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me,  
 For 'tis a signe of lone: and loue to *Richard*,  
 Is a strange Brooch in this al-hating world.

*Enter a Groome of the Stable.*

*Groome.* Haile royall Prince.

*Rich.* Thankes noble Pearce:

The cheapest of vs is ten groats too deare.  
 What art thou? and how comest thou hither,  
 Where no man neuer comes but that sad Dogge,  
 That bringes me food to make misfortune liue?

*Groome.* I was a poore Groome of thy stable, King,  
 When thou wert King: who traouelling towards Yorke,  
 With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue,  
 To looke vpon my sometimes royall maisters face:  
 Oh how it ernd my heart, when I beheld  
 In London streetes that Coronation day,  
 When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbaric,  
 That Horse, that thou so often hast bestride,  
 That Horse, that I so carefully haue drest.

*Rich.* Rodche on Barbaric, tell me gentle friend,

K 2

How

*The Tragdie of*

How went he vnder him?

*Groome.* So proudly, as if he did daide the ground.

*Rich.* So proud that Bullingbrooke was on his backe :

That Iade hath eate bread from my royall hand;

This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:

Would he not stumble? would he not fall downe?

Since pride must haue a fall, and breake the necke

Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?

Forgiuenes Horso, why do I rayle on thee?

Since thou created to be awde by man,

Wast borne to beare, I was not made a Horse,

And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,

Spurde, galde, and tyrde by iauncing Bullingbrooke.

*Keeper.* Fellow giue place, heere is no longer stay.

*Rich.* If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.

*Groo.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

*Exit Groome. Enter one to Richard With meat.*

*Keeper.* My Lord, wilt please you to fall to?

*Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

*Keeper.* My Lord I dare not, sir Pierce of Exton,  
Who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

*Rich.* The diuell take Henry of Lancaster and thee:

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

*Keeper.* Helpe, helpe, helpe.

*The murderers rush in.*

*Rich.* How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault?

Villaine, thy owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument,

Goe thou and fill another roome in Hell.

*Heere Exton strikes him downe.*

*Rich.* That hand shall burne in neuer quenching fire,

That staggers thus my person : Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the Kings blood staine the Kings owne land:

Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on hie,

Whilst my grosse flesh sinkes downward heere to die.

*Exton.* As full of valoure, as of royall blood :

Both haue I spilld ; Oh would the deed were good!

For now the Diuell that told me I did well,

Sayes

*King Richard the Second.*

Sayes that this deed is chronicled in Hell:  
 This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,  
 Take hence the rest, & giue them buriall heere.

*Exit.**Enter Bullingbrooke with the Duke of Yorke.*

*King.* Kind vnckle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,  
 Is, that the Rebels haue consumed with fire  
 Our towne of Ciceter in Glocestershire:  
 But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not:  
 Welcome my Lord, what is the newes?

*Enter Northumberland.*

*North.* First to thy sacred state with I all happinesse;  
 The next newes is, I haue to London sent  
 The heades of Oxford, Salisburie, and Kent:  
 The manner of their taking may appeare  
 At large discoursed in this Paper heere.

*King.* We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paynes,  
 And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

*Enter Lord Fitzwaters.*

*Fitz.* My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,  
 The heads of Broccas, and sir Benet Seely;  
 Two of the dangerous consorted Traytors,  
 That fought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

*King.* Thy paynes Fitz: shall not be forgot;  
 Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

*Enter Henrie Percie.*

*Per.* The graund conspirator Abbot of Westminster,  
 With clogge of conscience and sowe melancholie,  
 Hath yeilded vp his body to the Graue;  
 But heere is *Carleil* liuing, to abide  
 Thy kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

*King.* *Carleil*, this is your doome,  
 Choole out some secret place, some reuerend roome  
 More then thou hast, and with it ioy thy life,  
 So as thou liu'st in peace, die free from strife:  
 For though mine enemy thou hast euer been,  
 High sparkes of honour in thee haue I seene.

## The Tragedie of

*Enter Exton with the Coffin.*

*Exton.* Great King, within this Coffin I present  
Thy buried feare : herein all breathlesse lies  
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,  
*Richard of Burdeaux*, by mee hither brought.

*King.* *Exton*, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought  
A deede of slaughter with thy fatall hand,  
Vpon my head, and all this famous land.

*Exton.* From your owne mouth (my Lo.) did I this deed.

*King.* They loue not poyson, that do poyson need,  
Nor doe I thee, though I did wish him dead;  
I hate the murtherer, loue him murthered :  
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,  
But neither my good word, nor princely fauour :  
With *Caine* goe wander through the shade of night,  
And neuer shew thy head by day nor light.

Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,  
That blood should sprinckle me to make me grow:  
Come mourne with me, for what I doe lament,  
And put on fullen blacke incontinent :  
Ile make a voyage to the Holy land,  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.  
March sadly after, grace my mournings heere,  
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

FINIS.













